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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

Edited by **ALGAR THOROLD**

JANUARY 1933

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No. 384

ART. I.—RELIGION AND LIFE

IT is often said that Christianity is out of touch with life and that it no longer satisfies the needs of the modern world. And these criticisms are symptomatic of a general change of attitude with regard to religious problems. Men to-day are less interested in the theological and metaphysical assumptions of religion than in its practical results. They are concerned not so much with the truth of Christian doctrine as with the value of the Christian way of life. It is Christian ethics even more than Christian dogma that has become the principal object of attack.

This is not altogether a misfortune, for it shows that people no longer treat religion as something that has no relation to man's daily life. The passive acceptance of religion as something that every respectable citizen takes for granted is no longer possible, and at the same time the self-satisfied bourgeois acceptance of the world as it is, is equally discredited. To-day everybody admits that something is wrong with the world, and the critics of Christianity are the very people who feel this most. The most violent attacks on religion come from those who are most anxious to change the world, and they attack Christianity because they think that it is an obstructive force that stands in the way of a real reform of human life. There has seldom been a time in which men were more dissatisfied with life and more conscious of the need for deliverance, and if they turn away from Christianity it is because they feel that Christianity is a servant of the established order, and that it has no real power or will to change the world and to rescue man from his present difficulties. They have lost their faith in the old spiritual traditions that inspired civilization in the past, and they tend to look for a solution in some external practical remedy such as communism, or the scientific organization

of life ; something definite and objective that can be applied to society as a whole.

There is, however, little ground for supposing that the world can be saved by machinery or by any external reform. In fact the great tragedy of modern civilization is to be found in the failure of material progress to satisfy human needs. The modern world has more power than any previous age, but it has used its new power for destruction as much as for life ; it has more wealth, and yet we are in the throes of a vast economic crisis ; it has more knowledge, and yet all our knowledge seems powerless to help us. What our civilization lacks is not power and wealth and knowledge, but spiritual vitality, and unless it is possible to secure that, nothing can save us from the fate that overtook the civilization of classical antiquity and so many other civilizations that were brilliant and powerful in their day.

Now this question of spiritual vitality, whether in the case of the individual or society, is the very centre and essence of the religious problem. Religion is not philosophy, or science or ethics, it is nothing more or less than a way of life, whether it be regarded from within as an act of vital communion or externally as a system of beliefs and practices by which man brings his life into relation with the powers that rule the life of the universe.

Primitive religion is concerned, as we should expect, primarily with the powers of nature, and it finds its centre in the cult of the powers of fertility and generation on which the physical life of the earth and man were alike dependent. All the vital moments in the life of the tribe or the peasant community were invested with religious significance and sanctified by religious rites, and these rites were not merely magical in the utilitarian sense, but sacramental and mystical since they were the channels by which man attained contact and communion with the divine powers that ruled the world. Thus in primitive society there could be no question of any contradiction or conflict between religion and life, since the two were complementary aspects of the same thing. Religion was the vital centre of the social organism and governed the whole

economic and political activity of society. Nor was there any contradiction between the material and the spiritual, for material things were regarded as the vehicles of spiritual forces ; in fact, to the primitive the world is a vast complex of spiritual powers, good, bad, and indifferent, which affect his life at every turn, and religion is the trail that he has blazed out for himself through this spiritual jungle.

The coming of the higher religions changed all this. Religion no longer found its centre in the practical needs of human life. It became a matter of spiritual discipline and intellectual contemplation. Man realized the transcendent character of spiritual reality and freed himself from the terror of the dark and the power of the sinister forces that lurk in or behind nature. But this higher type of religion with its clear realization of the distinction between matter and spirit, also contained the seeds of a conflict between religion and life. There was no room for common humanity on the icy summits to which the path of contemplation led, and yet it was at the same time the only way to deliverance and spiritual life. This contrast is seen in its most striking and paradoxical form in Buddhism, for Buddhism is, above all, a direct and straightforward attempt to solve the problem of human life, and it does this by a radical denial of life itself. The Buddha professed to teach man the secret of happiness and the way of spiritual deliverance, but his noble, ethical teaching has its beginning in the realization that existence is suffering, and its end in the peace of Nirvana.

This pessimism and turning away from life is characteristic to a greater or less extent of all the great religions of the ancient world ; even the Greeks, for all their humanism and appreciation of physical life, did not escape from it. The first word in Greek speculation is the Orphic mysticism, with its yearning for deliverance from the sorrowful circle of birth and death, and its last word is contained in the Neoplatonic doctrine of the evil of matter, and the necessity for the soul to escape from the world of sense to the world of pure spirit.

It was to a world dominated by these conceptions, as well as by the decadent remains of the older tradition of

nature worship, that Christianity came, and it also brought a message of deliverance and spiritual salvation. But it inherited a different tradition from that of either the Greek or the oriental world, and its dualism was not the dualism of the Indian yogi or that of the Hellenic philosopher. Jewish religion differed from all the rest in the dynamic realism of its conception of God. The God of Israel was no metaphysical abstraction, like the Platonic Idea of the Good, or the universal Brahman, or the Chinese Tao, "not the God of the philosophers and savants, but the Living God, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, Deus meus et Deus vester".

This Living God manifested Himself externally by the vital action of His creative Spirit—as the breath of Divine Life that brooded over the primordial chaos and which inspires the prophets with the word of life. In the Hellenistic language of the Book of Wisdom it is the power "that reaches from end to end ordering all things sweetly and strongly, which, being one, has power to do all things and remaining in itself renews all things, and from generation to generation passing into holy souls makes men friends of God and prophets".

Thus the Christian idea of salvation was not deliverance from the body and from the sensible world; it was the salvation of the whole man, body and soul, by the coming of a new life. In no other religion is the conception of *life* so central and so characteristic as in Christianity.

From the beginning, Christianity was regarded not as an intellectual gnosis or a new morality, but as a new life: as the communication of a new vital principle, which transformed human nature by raising it to an objectively higher plane of being. In the eyes of the primitive Church the Christian was a new creature, as different or even more different from the natural "psychic" man as the latter was from the animals. This conception is absolutely fundamental alike to the Pauline and the Johannine theology. To St. Paul Christ is the second Adam, the first born of the new creation, and it was from the organic and sacramental union between Christ and the Church that the new spiritual humanity was born. And so, too, in the Johannine writings Jesus is not merely a

teacher or a moral exemplar ; he is life and the source of life, and the essence of Christianity consists in the grafting of this divine life on the stock of humanity by a vital sacramental act.

This sacramentalism has led many modern critics to compare Christianity to the contemporary mystery religions, which also laid emphasis on the conception of a new birth. But, whereas, the pagan mysteries were simply the rites of the old nature religions invested with a new metaphysical, or rather, theosophical significance, the sacraments of Christianity are organically connected with its essential nature. The humanity of Jesus is a sacrament, the visible church is a sacrament, and the vital moments of the Christian life necessarily manifest themselves in sacramental acts. The mystery religions and gnosticism were alike powerless to bridge the gulf between human life and spiritual reality. They were ways of escape from life, not ways of regeneration. Christianity defeated its rivals because it was felt to be an historical and social reality, capable of transforming human life.

Primitive Christianity is instinct with a triumphant sense of spiritual vitality that has no parallel in the history of religion. "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ will shine upon thee." The new principle of spiritual life that had entered humanity made it possible for men to face the harsh realities of existence with new courage. It did not free from suffering and death, but it subordinated them to vital ends. This is the greatest psychological victory of Christianity : the spiritual reconquest of that great part of life that had hitherto lain under the shadow of death. "Show us miracles," wrote Blake, "can you have greater miracles than these ? Men who devote their life's whole comfort to entire scorn and injury and death." The Christian could accept what was unbearable to human nature, because the cross had become the token of life. As St. Paul says, he could rejoice in his sufferings because they were all extension and completion of what Christ had suffered for His body which is the Church.

This heroic acceptance of suffering is, of course, rare. It is the mark of a saint. But it is only in the saints

that the Christian life is completely realized. We cannot judge Christianity by statistics or by striking an average. One saint can do more than a thousand average men, however active and well organized they may be. In this respect Christianity is essentially aristocratic, since the quality of the individual is the only thing that matters. And yet on the other hand it is the most democratic of religions, for an uneducated beggar who is a saint, counts more than a thousand scholars or organizers. As St. Francis says, the brilliant preacher may congratulate himself on the effects of his sermons, when their success is really due to the prayers of some unknown saint, whose importance is realized neither by himself nor by others.

This is what St. Paul means in his famous panegyric of charity, for charity is nothing else but this mysterious power of spiritual life actuating the will. It is no human power or moral quality, but a supernatural energy that transforms human nature and builds up a new humanity. Nothing gives a more appalling idea of the difference between living and dead religion and of the apostacy of the modern world than the profound degradation that this word has undergone in modern times. It has lost all its vital significance and its mysterious "numinous" quality. It has become identified with the most external and spiritually barren type of social beneficence, and even this beneficence is tainted with the suggestion of social patronage and ethical self satisfaction. And in the same way that great saying of St. John, "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love", has been degraded from the most profound of spiritual truths into a sentimental platitude.

These are but specimens of the way in which spiritual concepts can become emptied of their vital significance. We have only to compare modern ecclesiastical art with that of the past to feel that the life has gone out of it, and that what was once seen as living reality has become a dead formula. And this devitalization of modern religion goes a long way to explain the anti-Christian attitude of writers like Nietzsche and D. H. Lawrence. For there is nothing so repulsive as dead religion ; it is

the dearest thing there is. As the Gospel says, it is not even good enough for the dunghill.

What is the reason for this state of things? There are plenty of people who will say that it is because Christianity has been tried and found wanting, that its promise of new life was a delusion, and that it never possessed any real power of changing the world or of transforming human nature. But is it possible to assert that in the face of history? Is it not obvious to any unprejudiced mind that Christianity has been one of the greatest spiritual forces in the history of the world, and that our civilization would have been an entirely different thing without it? And even to-day it retains its power over the minds of those who come into vital contact with it. The trouble is that the channels of communication between Christianity and the modern world have been narrowed and diminished. The world has gone on its own way and left Christianity on one side, and it is only those who have a strong sense of personal religion that have the courage to surmount these obstacles and re-establish contact for themselves. And even these often find it hard to bring the whole of this life into relation with Christian standards. They are Christian in heart and will, and yet a large part of their life—physical, economic and social—remains unchanged as part of the secular world.

The fact is that man is a social being and his social environment conditions the greater part of his existence. He cannot free himself from social control by a mere act of will, and yet, on the other hand, the Christian cannot acquiesce in a division of life which makes religion a purely private affair that has no influence in social and practical matters. This has always been one of the central problems of Christian life. The early Christians were indeed, forced to make a radical breach with the secular world because that world was pagan, and the mere fact of being a Christian cut a man off from civic life and public activity. The Christians were a race apart with a social life of their own, which, like that of the Jews or the early Quakers, was the more intense for being repressed and limited. But with the conversion of the Empire

the danger of secularization at once became serious. It seemed as though the world was more dangerous as a friend than as an enemy, and as though the religion which had withstood all the attacks of the persecutors, would lose its freedom and vitality, now that it had become the state-church of the Empire. The new situation called for a new remedy and this was found in the monastic movement which, beginning in Egypt, spread throughout the Christian world with extraordinary rapidity. The monastic life was nothing else but an uncompromising attempt to realize the teaching of the Gospels in practice, to abandon everything that stood in the way of the literal fulfilment of the evangelical ideal, and to base the whole of life on Christian principles.

Men fled from the cities to the desert in order to escape from the atmosphere of secularism that pervaded social life. They built up a new social life outside the state—a life of the simplest possible kind without private property, without personal independence, without marriage; a communism founded on poverty, chastity and obedience, which is the only true communism that the world has known.

Such a life could of course, only be realized by a small minority. It was the inner citadel of the Christian life, a kind of reservoir of spiritual power on which the rest of the Church could draw, according to its needs. There was, of course, a danger that the cult of the monastic ideal would lead men to neglect or undervalue the life of the ordinary Christian, as we see in the history of the Eastern Church which lost its power to leaven the world and became as static and unchanging as the other religions of the oriental world. In the West, however, monasticism always possessed a sense of its apostolic mission. It was the monks who converted the barbarians and laid the foundations of Western culture. Owing to the example and the influence of the monks, the Western Church did not acquiesce in that dualism of religion and life which was the natural result of the external acceptance of Christianity by a barbarous and semi-pagan society. Mediaeval Christianity was a dynamic force which strove against enormous odds to realize itself

in social life. However unsuccessful that effort was, it was at least a vital movement that embraced all that was living in contemporary culture. From St. Benedict and St. Boniface to St. Bernard and St. Francis, from Bede to Alcuin, to St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas, the history of the mediaeval church is the story of an heroic and tragic struggle for the vindication of spiritual ideals and the realization of Christian principles in social life. We cannot of course regard mediaeval civilization as the model of what a Christian civilization should be—as an ideal to which modern society should conform itself. It is admirable not so much for what it achieved as for what it attempted—for its refusal to be content with partial solutions, and for its attempt to bring every side of life into vital relation with religion.

Thus it is no accident that the loss of Christian unity in the 16th century was accompanied by the loss of the unity of Christian life. The attempt of the Reformers to spiritualize religion ended in the secularization of society and of civilization. The Reformation is a classical example of the blunder of emptying out the baby with the bath. The reformers revolted against the externalism of mediaeval religion, and so they abolished the Mass. They protested against the lack of personal holiness, and so they abolished the saints. They attacked the wealth and self-indulgence of the monks and so they abolished monasticism and the life of voluntary poverty and asceticism. They had no intention of abandoning the ideal of Christian perfection, but they sought to realize it in Puritanism instead of in monasticism, and in pietism instead of in mysticism. And the result was that the practice of perfection became the mark of a sect instead of the vocation of a minority. The late Canon Lacey used to maintain that the sects in Protestantism correspond to the religious orders in Catholicism and there is an undeniable element of truth in this view, for each new attempt to realize Christianity in practice, from the Anabaptists to the Quakers, and from the Moravians and the Methodists to the Plymouth Brethren, gave birth to a new religious body. But whereas the religious order was part of a universal whole, and had its

raison d'être in the life of the whole, each sect set itself up against its predecessor and existed as an end in itself. The Puritans attempted to popularize asceticism by making it binding on every Christian, and the result was that they rendered it repulsive. The ordinary man was ready enough to recognize the self devotion of the mediaeval ascetic, but he resented the claims of the Puritan saints as hypocrisy or spiritual snobbery. Consequently, every fresh assertion of the Puritan claim was followed by a reaction that tended to the secularization of culture. Where Puritanism was defeated, as in 18th-century England and Germany, the state churches became more secularized than the mediaeval Church at its worst, and where it was victorious, as in Scotland and New England, it had a narrowing and cramping effect on life and culture.

Meanwhile, in Catholic Europe, the Church still maintained the principle of spiritual unity and its claim to the control of social and intellectual life. It showed its vitality by the intense missionary activity of the new religious orders, and by the spiritual life of its saints and mystics. But it retained its hold on society only at the cost of immense strain. It was like a besieged city under the martial law of the Inquisition and behind the ramparts of state protection. And even so, it was not safe from the attacks of sectarianism and secularism.

The Catholic world also had its Puritans in the Jansenists and its Erastians in the Gallicans. No less than in Protestant Europe, the bitterness of religious strife discredited the cause of religion and alienated the mind of society. The victory lay neither with Jesuit nor Jansenist, nor Huguenot, but with Voltaire ; while the enlightened despotism of the 18th-century state, made the Church pay heavily for the reliance that it had placed in the support of the secular power.

The Church no longer protested against social injustice. It had become the ally of the ruling powers and the tool of vested interests ; and, consequently, the European mind turned away from a Christianity that seemed to have lost its spiritual vitality, and looked for a new ideal in the service of humanity and in the cult of Liberty, Social Progress, and Rational Enlightenment.

The age of the French Revolution was a time of boundless hope and idealism. Men felt that the world was being born again, and that they were witnessing the liberation of humanity from its age-long enslavement to superstition and oppression and the dawn of a new age.

In spite of its apparent rationalism, the movement was essentially a religious one, which drew its inspiration from Christian sources, and clothed traditional ideas in new imagery. But it was a religion that substituted intellectual abstractions for spiritual realities, that put imagination in the place of Faith, and Idealism in the place of Charity. Where Christianity recognized the reality of the immense burden of inherited evil that weighed on the human race, and the need for a real deliverance, the new religion shut its eyes to everything but the natural virtues of the human heart, and salved the wounds of humanity with a few moral platitudes. Thus the new religion became a religion of death and not of life. Instead of freeing mankind, it liberated the anti-spiritual forces of economic individualism and selfish nationalism, and left society free to drift to destruction.

All this was realized more clearly by that strange, unorthodox prophet, William Blake, than by the official representatives of Christian tradition. "He can never be a friend to the human race," he wrote, "who is a preacher of Natural Morality or natural Religion . . . you, O Deists ! profess yourselves the enemies of Christianity and you are so ; you are also the enemies of the Human Race and of Universal Nature. . . . Your religion, O Deists, is the worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy and of Natural Morality or self Righteousness, the selfish virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the religion of the Pharisees, who murdered Jesus. Deism is the same and ends in the same." "Rousseau thought men good by nature ; he found them evil and found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of sins continually."*

But at the same time he was no less hostile to the orthodox Christianity of his age, which had abandoned the

* *To the Deists in Jerusalem*, p. 52.

cause of the poor, and which used religious arguments to palliate oppression and injustice.

In the past Christianity had been a gateway to life, but it was so no longer.

Once meek and in a perilous path
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.
Roses are planted where thorns grow
And in the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Till the villain left the paths of ease
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roar.*

He saw orthodox Christianity as the golden church into which no one could enter because of the serpent that had defiled the altar, and so the just man turned aside to a pig sty and laid him down among the swine.†

Yet in spite of the inroads of secularism, traditional Christianity was a far stronger and more vital thing than the fantastic gnostic mythology in which Blake found his personal solution. His idealism was merely a butterfly under the wheel of modern civilization, while the old Christian tradition still showed its power over the lives of men.

All through the spiritual decline of the modern world there have been men and women who refused all compromise, and maintained the ideal of the Christian life in all its fullness. The beggar Saint, Benedict Joseph Labre, was the contemporary of the philosophers who preached the gospel of enlightened selfishness and of the industrialists who sacrificed human life to the power of money. The Cure d'Ars worked his miracles in the midst of the

* *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* : Argument.

† "I saw a Chapel all of Gold."

self-satisfied bourgeois materialism of the age of Louis Philippe and the Second Empire. Father Damien served the lepers of Molokai when the economic exploitation of the subject peoples by European commercialism was at its height, and at a time when it seemed impossible to disentangle human life from the complexities of a mechanical civilization, Charles de Foucauld left Paris to lead the life of the Fathers of the Desert in the inner recesses of the Sahara.

And although this is an extreme instance, the case of de Foucauld is, in a way, typical of the situation of the Christian ideal in the modern world. It was forced to separate itself from the main stream of modern life, and so, in spite of its abiding vitality it could not dominate or modify the circumstances that governed the lives of the majority of men. The life of the saints was a witness against the modern world, rather than an example to it. The life of the ordinary man was governed not by the rule of faith but by the law of money. Business, not religion, was the norm of existence.

It is true that Christianity can never cease altogether to be social so long as it remains Christianity. This finds its most complete expression in the objective sacramentalism of the Catholic Church, but is not entirely absent even in the most individualistic forms of Protestantism. It is of the very essence of the Christian life to be social, for it is a communion with man as well as with God—the life of a Church.

Nevertheless, there is a danger in the modern world that the social life of the Church should sink to a secondary plane as compared with that of secular society. To the early Christians the Church was literally everything: it was the new humanity and the beginning of a new world. Even in the Middle Ages the Church was still the fundamental society, which embraced a larger and deeper part of human life than the state or any economic society. But in the modern world, and especially among Protestants, the Church has become a secondary society, a kind of religious auxiliary or dependency of the primary society which is the state; and the secular and economic sides of life are continually encroaching upon it, until

the Church is in danger of being pushed out of life altogether.

How is this state of things to be remedied? How can Christianity once more become the vital centre of human life?

In the first place it is necessary to recover the ground that has been lost through the progressive secularization of modern civilization. We must transcend the individualism and sectarianism of the Post-Reformation period, and recover our vital contact with Christianity as a social reality and an organic unity. And this is impossible unless we transcend the subjectivity and relativism of 19th-century thought and recover an objective and realist sense of spiritual truth.

But even this by itself is not enough. It is merely the foundation for the essential task that the modern Christian has got to face. What the world needs is not a new religion, but a new application of religion to life. And Christianity cannot manifest its full efficacy either as a living faith or as an organic social reality, unless it heals the maladies of the individual soul and restores the broken unity of man's inner life. As we have seen, human life to-day is divided against itself. But this division is not simply due to an opposition between the religious faith that rules the mind of the individual Christian and the secular interests that control his external activity. It goes much deeper than that, since it also springs from a disharmony and contradiction between the life of a spirit and the life of the body. Spiritual life and physical life are both real and both are necessary to the ideal integrity of human existence. But if a man is left to himself, without a higher principle of order—without Grace, to use the Christian term—this integrity is not realized. The spirit fights against the flesh and the flesh against the spirit, and human life is torn asunder by this inner conflict.

The oriental religions attempted to solve this conflict by the denial of the body, and the radical condemnation of matter as evil or non-existent. They won the peace of Nirvana by the sacrifice of humanity. The Western humanist, on the other hand, tried to find a solution within the frontiers of human nature by the elimination

of absolute values and the careful adjustment of man's spiritual aspirations to his material circumstances. He pacified the revolt of the body by sacrificing the soul's demand for God.

Christianity cannot accept either of these solutions. It cannot deny either the reality of the spirit or the value of the body. It stands for the redemption of the body and the realization of a higher unity in which flesh and spirit alike become the channels of divine life.

It cannot be denied that Christianity has often appeared in practice to agree with the attitude of the oriental ascetic or with an equally one-sided ethical puritanism which allows insufficient recognition to the value of the body and the rights of physical life. Nevertheless, Christian asceticism rests in principle, not on the Platonic and oriental dualism, but on the Old Testament principle of a divine law of life that regulated every side of human existence—physical, social and spiritual. The law was not merely a matter of external ceremonialism. It was a spiritual norm to which man must conform his thoughts and his actions and which made his whole life a liturgical act. And we see in the Psalms how this ideal was incorporated into religious experience, and made the foundation of the spiritual life of the individual as well as of the social life of the national Church.

It was on this foundation that the Christian ethic was built, and the Pauline repudiation of the Mosaic law was in no sense a denial of this ideal. The Christian gospel involved the substitution of the power of the spirit—the law of liberty—for the external legalism of the older dispensation. But it was equally comprehensive and universal in purpose. It was in St. Paul's words, "The law of the spirit of the life in Christ Jesus."

Hence the Christian life is not an ideal for the mind and conscience alone ; it is a new life that embraces both body and spirit in a vital synthesis. It is not merely an order of faith ; it is the order of charity fulfilled in action.

How can such an order be realized in the circumstances of modern life ? We cannot go back to the strict formal asceticism of the past, any more than we can go back to the social law of the Old Testament. But on the other

hand we cannot do without asceticism altogether—that is the fallacy of the Quietist and the sentimentalist. We need a new asceticism suited to the new conditions of the modern world—a strenuous training of body and mind in the new life.

As Father Martindale has pointed out in a recent article,* the needs of the new age have already called forth new forms of the religious life. The ascetic ideal no longer expresses itself in the external regulation of life, but has become so intimately fused with the religious vocation that it finds its own spontaneous expression in the life of the community. It is, however, easier for the religious to solve this problem, since his whole life is ordered to a religious end, and he is not distracted by a division of aims. The position of the layman is inevitably more difficult, since the external forms of life are determined by economic forces which take small account of religious considerations. And not only is religion confined to the inner life but that life itself is exposed to multiple distractions. Now even the poorest has opportunities for diversion, which surpass anything that even the privileged classes knew in former ages. It seems almost absurd to expect people to bring spirit of Galilee and Assisi into the environment of the Hollywood and Chicago. No Christian can deny that it is possible. But it involves something more than pious platitudes and ethical idealism. It calls for an heroic effort like that which converted the Roman Empire. I believe myself that the need produces the man, and that the coming age of the Church will see a new out-pouring of spiritual energy manifested in the Christian life. But that does not acquit us of responsibility. It is not enough for us to sit still and wait for an apocalyptic solution of our problems. The saint, like every other great man, is the organ of a social purpose, and the success of his mission depends on the reserves of faith and spiritual will that have been accumulated by the anonymous activity of ordinary imperfect men and women, each of whom has made an individual contribution, however minute it may be, to a new order of Christian life.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON.

* In *The Month* of August 1932.

ART. 2.—THE BLACK MONKS AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

I HAVE never been able to ascertain exactly at what date the *Monachi Nigri*—the Black Monks of St. Benedict—first made their appearance in anything like a corporate capacity, as students in the University of Oxford. It is quite certain that they came here at a very early date indeed; and Winchcombe Abbey, in Gloucestershire, seems to have had the honour of first sending its young monks to study at Oxford. In the very earliest extant charters of that abbey, mention is made of the “*generale studium pro scholasticis in Oxenforde*”; and a Bull of Pope Alexander III, dated 1175, confirms to the monks of Winchcombe a “mansion-place in Oxenforde”. The use of the word “confirms” shows that the house was already established.

We hear, too, about the same date, or a little later, of various Benedictine monks, Simeon of Durham, Benedict of Peterborough, Walter of Coventry, etc., who were doctors of philosophy or divinity at Oxford. Walter de Merton’s splendid foundation (a combination of the monastic and academic) no doubt suggested the idea of a foundation in Oxford to the Benedictines, whose nearest houses were at that time Abingdon and Evesham.

Of course the three Oxford Benedictine foundations of most interest to us to-day, and indeed the only three of which anything definite is known, are Gloucester, Durham, and Canterbury Colleges, now represented respectively by Worcester, Trinity, and Christ Church.

I. GLOUCESTER COLLEGE

The premier Benedictine college was founded in 1283 by Sir John Giffard, who gave to the community of St. Peter’s Abbey, Gloucester, a place outside the walls of Oxford, with an endowment sufficient for the maintenance of thirteen monks. The house and lands had formerly belonged to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and then to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Its connexion with the Earl of Gloucester made

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Sir John Giffard (whose family had owned it for fifty years) select Gloucester Abbey as the object of his benefaction.

Authorities differ as to whether the new Benedictine house of studies was instituted for the monks of Gloucester exclusively. "John Giffard the founder," says an old writer, "and Reginald the reverend abbot of Gloucester, instituted a nursery and mansion-place in Oxenforde, solely for the monks of Gloucester."

However, if the Gloucester monks were the sole owners in the beginning, they did not long remain so; for the abbot of Gloucester soon found it impossible to carry on the new foundation without help from other monasteries; and the latter were quite ready to help. The first thing necessary was to enlarge the buildings, and for this purpose the generous founder gave more land. The abbots of Bardney, Evesham and Winchcombe were appointed to superintend the building operations. This was in 1290; and next year Dom Henry de Helsor was formerly transferred from Gloucester to Oxford, and released from the jurisdiction of Gloucester, with full power to rule the new establishment. He at once drew up rules for the monk-students, and let it be known that all Benedictines of the province of Canterbury, sent to study at Oxford by their superiors, would be admitted to Gloucester College without difficulty. The south-eastern wing of the quadrangle was built on land acquired from the Carmelites, part of the "garden and wilderness" at one time partly occupied by Beaumont Palace. The latter is now, of course, commemorated by Beaumont Street; and the memory of the Carmelites (who worshipped in one of the aisles of St. Mary Magdalen's church near-by, till they got a chapel of their own), is preserved in the "Friars' Entry", off Cornmarket Street. The ancient wall, last relic of the Whitefriars' convent, has quite lately been pulled down for the building of a new cinema theatre.

The intervention of the abbey of Malmesbury in the affairs of Gloucester, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, is of interest. The abbot got Giffard to make over the freehold of the new college to him, about 1310.

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A copy of the deed of transfer, dated 1480, is in the Bodleian Library. Malmesbury thenceforward claimed ownership of the whole property at Oxford, and reserved the fish-ponds, garden, and meadows, which were to have been the common property of all the students, for the exclusive use of the Malmesbury contingent. The abbot of Malmesbury also insisted on the other abbots suing him for licence to build lodgings for their students, and even claimed the right to appoint the common "prior studentium".

Why were there separate houses for the student-monks, as we still see in the wing of the ancient college which has been preserved? As I have said, the idea from the first was that the monks from all the great abbeys in southern England should study at Gloucester College; and this was further enlarged in 1357, when it was thrown open to students from the province of York also. The reason for this was that in that year Pope Benedict XII, by special Bull, united the two English Benedictine provinces, which thereafter were governed by a single general chapter. The same papal Bull gave fresh impetus to the work already set on foot at Gloucester College; for in it the Pope specially ordered all superiors of Black Monks throughout Christendom to send some of their younger members to the national universities.

In England some, of course, selected Cambridge; but out of the total number of sixty-five abbeys and priories, thirty-eight sent men to Gloucester College, Oxford. A number of the more important abbeys built at the college, at their own expense, *camerae*, or sets of rooms, for their own monks. These were Malmesbury, St. Albans, Gloucester, Abingdon, Pershore, Winchcombe, Norwich, St. Augustine's (Canterbury), Christ Church (Canterbury) Hyde, Tewkesbury, Ramsey, Westminster, Worcester, and Bury St. Edmunds. Other abbeys, including some important houses (Battle, Reading, Evesham, Glastonbury, Peterborough, and others), had no *camerae* of their own, but lodged their young monks in the buildings belonging to the other houses. Two priories, Stoke and St. Neots, declined to come into the Oxford scheme, as being subject to the French abbey of Bec.

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The order of the surviving houses or lodgings, beginning from the garden, is Pershore (Abbot Walter Compton's rebus, a comb and tun, 1504, is above the door), Westminster, Ramsey, Winchcombe, St. Augustine's, Canterbury. There are some interesting heraldic devices still to be studied about these ancient buildings.

The rule about sending student-monks to Oxford was not allowed to become a dead letter. The chapters of 1343 and again in 1423, complained of the negligence of some of the abbots in this respect.

The chapel for the college was built in 1420, in the priorship of John Wethamsted, who provided the stained glass windows. He went from Gloucester to become abbot of St. Albans, whence he wrote letters regularly to Oxford, and did a great deal for the buildings and in other ways. He seems to have been impatient at the slowness of his successor in finishing the chapel; for in one of his letters he rather unkindly remarks that the only respect in which that edifice resembled the temple of Solomon was that it had taken forty years to build! He himself gave a handsome further subscription, as well as three solid silver "salts" for the St. Alban's students.

When the monasteries which supported it ceased to exist at the Dissolution, Gloucester College soon became deserted. Wood tells us that a few Benedictine students lingered on; but the college practically ceased to exist in 1541. The land and buildings were at first parcelled out to various people; but these grants were subsequently withdrawn, and the college was in 1542 assigned as the episcopal residence to the newly constituted see of Oseney afterwards the diocese of Oxford. Bishop King lived there from 1542 to 1545, before moving to the still existing "Old Palace" in St. Aldate's. John Feckenham, the last abbot of Westminster, is the last Benedictine mentioned in the *Fasti* of Gloucester College, and was probably the last monk of the old English Congregation who graduated at Oxford University.

The late Provost of Worcester (formerly Gloucester College) does not refer in his history of his college to the fate of the silver plate—including the abbot of St. Alban's salt-cellar—which had belonged to the Bene-

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dictines. But in the Record Office there is a document which I have examined, entitled: "An Account of the Property of the Religious Houses which came into the hands of Edw. North, treasurer, during the four years ending Michaelmas 1543." An extract from this document deals with the "argentum de bonis nuper Collegii vocati Gloucester College in Oxonia", and is an acknowledgment or receipt signed by John Williams,* "miles magister jocalium", i.e. Knight and Keeper of the king's jewels. The document mentions 92 oz. of silver vessels parcel-gilt belonging to Glo'ster, and taken over *ad usum domini regis* by the hand of Blackwell cleric,† also 20 oz. of pure silver (*argenti puri*). The receipt ends with the words *Rem Nil*, i.e. "Remanet Nil"—Nothing is left, or, colloquially, "That's the lot."

Nothing further is known of the "argentum parcell-decimatum et argentum purum" belonging to the monks, and commandeered for the use of my lord the king. Perhaps it disappeared in the Civil War: part of it may be stowed away in strong rooms at Windsor Castle. What is certain is that it never came back to Worcester or Gloucester College. *Rem Nil!*

II. DURHAM COLLEGE

Three years after the foundation of Gloucester, Mabel, abbess of Godstow, made a grant to God and to our Lady Sainte Marie, and to St. Cuthbert, and to the Prior and Convent of Durham, in Bello Monte, a suburb of Oxford, where Trinity College now stands. A very small beginning: for nearly fifty years it is described as merely a *site* or *place* (*platea*). A few years subsequently the new Benedictine college had acquired some church vestments and

* Williams, well known in the service of Wolsey and the King, was knighted in 1537, in Commission of Peace, 1535. Sheriff, 1538: much connected with Oxford; got for himself some nice pickings from secularized monastic property in Thame and elsewhere.

† This Blackwell seems to have been a renegade Catholic, related to George Blackwell, afterwards appointed Archpriest in England by Pope Clement VII. Blackwell was intimately connected with Gloucester College, and afterwards with the Hall, which was described as a "hot-bed of Popery" in Elizabeth's reign. George Blackwell was in residence there in 1512, as well as other noted Catholics—Thomas (afterwards Cardinal) Allen, and Edmund Rainaldes—who lived on the same staircase.

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thirty-seven books ; but of this small collection four are already noted as pledged or pawned to Merton. There was evidently a great lack of ready money ; and a little later we find the chancellor of the university and his servants in occupation of the premises. Durham, however, came to the rescue ; and we find Hatfield, prince-bishop of Durham, contributing a hundred marks annually for the support of eight monks and eight secular students at the Oxford house. Other northern houses of the Order, as Wearmouth, Jarrow, Coldingham, etc. also provided an annual subsidy towards the good work.

When the statutes for Durham College came to be drawn up, they provided (unlike those of Gloucester) not only for a certain number of Benedictines on the foundation, but also for secular students, who dined at a second table, apart from the young monks and chaplains, and were required to perform certain works—*bonesta ministeria*—in the house, something like the “servitors” at Christ Church and elsewhere in later days.

The first chapel at Durham College—merely a small oratory—was built in 1330, to be replaced half a century later by a new chapel, when a refectory, buttery, kitchen and stable were added. Durham had to pay tithes to its overlord, the abbot of Oseney, once a year, on St. Cuthbert’s Day. An old inventory gives a list of the not superabundant furniture in the college ; tables and benches and fire-irons, and a *catasta* (whatever that was) *pendens in aula*, hanging in the hall.

Old views are still extant of the Benedictine college, showing the chapel on the south ; on the west the kitchen, storerooms and refectory, which last collapsed when President Kettel tried to dig cellars under it in 1618. It was this same president who, at Lord Saye and Sele’s Visitation in 1642, said of the altar-furniture and vestments still preserved in the college that “they regarded ’em no more than old dish-clouts !” The prior’s chambers and calefactory were on the north of the building, and the library and vestry on the east. The external aspect of the last, or eastern, block is still to a great extent unaltered.

The *Rites of Durham* tell us how the young monks

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destined for the Oxford college were prepared in their quiet cloister at Durham.

They went daily to school within the abbey for the space of seven yere; and one of the oldest monks that was lerned was appointed to be their tutor. The tutor's office was to see that they lacked nothing, as cowles, frocks, bedding, books, and socks: for the providing of which thyngs the Master did call on the Chamberlain when need was. For these monke-boys received no wages, only mete, drink and cloth, and were going daily to their books within the cloyster. And if the Master did espy that any of them were apt to lerning, and did apply to his book, and had a pregnant wit withal, he then did let the Prior have intelligence thereof; then, straightway after, such an one was sent to Oxford to schoole, and there did lerne to study his divinity.

III.—CANTERBURY COLLEGE

This was built in the last years of the fourteenth century, with three sides, comprising the usual collegiate buildings, and the fourth open to the garden. The *porta posterior* led to what is now the Peckwater quad of Christ Church. It must have been a picturesque building, the lower part of Headington stone, and the upper, with its high-pitched roof, of "pargetted" work, timber and plaster. When James II visited it in 1687, most of the old monastic building was still standing.

The beginnings of Canterbury College were humble enough. On an August day three Canterbury monks set out for Oxford, provided with a *viaticum* of fifty shillings, of which they spent thirty-seven shillings, leaving thirteen shillings to begin their housekeeping. They were obviously inexperienced in economic travelling: the bursar of Durham had contrived to send his men to Oxford for six shillings and eightpence. The young newcomers hired a lodging in Queen's Lane, in the parish of St. Peter's-in-the-East, for six marks. The college possessed no endowment, but the Canterbury house kept it going, and the estate-bailiff of Newington, near Henley, provided the necessaries of life.

Next year Dom Hugh (of St. Ives) was ready to appear in a public reading of the Sentences of Albert the Great,

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and had to give an entertainment in honour of the occasion. The Prior of Canterbury sent two swans, thirty fowls, and part of the offerings at St. Thomas's Shrine. The festivity, however, was damped by the death of one of the three monks just before the celebration.

Then the two survivors fell out with one another, and we find the good Prior writing to entreat them to make it up, and "not let the sun go down on their wrath". The bishop of the diocese (Lincoln) gave them leave to have mass in the house, saving the rights of the parish church (St. Peter's). Next we hear of them taking a chamber in Gloucester College, between those of Abingdon and Gloucester. Their number remained very small, and Islip, whose own clergy were decimated by the Black Death, tells us that the Canterbury foundation was all but extinct. At last, however, a site was bought between Corpus Christi and St. Frideswide's Priory (now Christ Church). The ground was covered with small tenements, some of which were kept for the students' lodgings, and others were let out to tenants.

A dispute arose as to whether the new foundation should be reserved for monks, or utilized for the education of secular priests. The first three wardens were Benedictines, the fourth the notorious John Wycliffe, whom, however, Archbishop Langham dismissed, and the house was thereafter a purely monastic house of studies, and as such was confirmed by Urban V, in 1370. Canterbury sold its chamber at Gloucester College; and buildings were erected on the new site.

Monks from other houses, Winchester, Rochester, Battle, Evesham, Coventry, among others, sent their students to Canterbury. A contingent from Peterborough seems to have been unruly, not to say rowdy. The warden complained about them to the Prior of Canterbury that "they be as frowardly disposed, or worse, than ever they were". "Give them charge," he begged, "that they be guided as students should be, for they be no students."

Among the Christ Church papers are many chatty letters about the Canterbury students. Dom Benedict Ivory, appointed sub-cellarer at the mother house, writes

to a friend at Oxford about packing up his things. "Truss up my stuff and send it with all speed ; and because the great coffer is cumbrous to carry, truss them all in my bed, laying my clothes in the middle of the stuff, and my books therein. Heartily cause all, chiefly the books, also my table of St. Dorothy, to be safe conveyed without hurt." Precious books ! Another letter from Dom Richard Selling says, "I have had, thank your Fatherhood, a long prose in Arts, and the season is in a manner but lost. . . . If it shall please you that I go rather to law, then such small Crumbs as I have gathered in Arts may somewhat feed me in Law."

Many distinguished men were *alumni* of Canterbury College, the most notable being Thomas More, the future chancellor and martyr. The whole number of Benedictine students at Oxford between 1449 and 1538, when their houses there were most frequented, seems to have been 213. I am indebted for this figure to a distinguished English Dominican, who gives the list of students belonging to other Orders, during the same period, as follows : Cistercians 52, Dominicans 53, Franciscans 67, Carmelites 12, Austin Friars 32. The Benedictine students were thus almost as numerous as those of all the other Orders combined.

The motto of the Black Monks, revived and flourishing at Oxford to-day, as in their scattered abbeys and priories up and down England, may well be the famous and encouraging words "*Succisa virescit*"—"Though cut down it grows green again." Christ Church, Canterbury, the mighty cathedral priory of Durham, and the glorious abbey of St. Peter's, at Gloucester, have fallen from their old possessors, and with them their daughter houses at Oxford. But their spiritual descendants, the Black Monks of to-day, with their unbroken tradition of fourteen hundred years, are wearing the same habit, following the same Rule, and doing the same work in England, and at Oxford, as they were six centuries ago.

D. O. HUNTER-BLAIR, ABBOT, O.S.B.

ART. 3.—THE NEW EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN

1. Canon U. Chevalier, *Étude Critique sur l'origine du Saint Suaire*, Paris, 1900.
2. Dr. Paul Vignon, *Le Linceul du Christ*, Paris, 1902.
3. Prof. Yves Delage in the *Revue Scientifique*, May 1902.
4. Père N. de Malijay, *Le Saint Suaire de Turin*, Paris, 1929.
5. Rev. P. A. Beecher, D.D., *The Holy Shroud*, Dublin, 1928.
6. Dr. Paul Vignon, *Après L'Ostension du Saint Suaire* in *Études*, June 1932.
7. Conte Lovera di Castiglione, *L'Ostensione della Santa Sindone*, Turin (via Archivescovado 12), 1931.

SO much publicity was given to the Holy Shroud on the occasion of its public Exposition last year at Turin that any detailed description of the Relic is hardly necessary. It consists of a long sheet of linen, some 14 ft. by 3½ ft., on which there can be seen what appear to be two impressions of a human body, the one of the back and the other of the front, head to head. The tradition of the Church is that this is the linen sheet bought by Joseph of Arimathæa, in which our Lord was wrapped, and that the impressions are those made by His sacred Body.

The name, "the Holy Shroud", is a little unfortunate. It suggests that the tradition is that this was the winding-sheet in which our Lord was wrapped while he lay in the tomb. This may very well be so, but it is not what the tradition of the Church emphasizes. The more formal pronouncements of authority have been careful to keep to the words of the Gospel, and this sheet is there connected rather with the Deposition from the Cross than with the Entombment. Joseph, we are told, bought a sindon, or sheet, and, taking the Body down from the Cross, wrapped it in the sheet. The Office of the Holy Sindon, which used to be in every Breviary for the Friday after the Second Sunday in Lent, keeps the same idea :

Semper veneranda sindon
Sanguine impressis decorata signis
Dum cruce ex alta tulit involutum
Corpus Jesu.

So, again, in the prayer for the day :

Deus qui nobis in sancta sindone qua corpus tuum sacratissimum e cruce depositum a Joseph involutum fuit, passionis tue vestigia reliquisti.

There are, no doubt, many who will be glad to hear how far this claim that we have the actual linen sheet in which St. Joseph wrapped our Lord when He was taken from the Cross has been confirmed, or the reverse, by the recent examination that has taken place. That question we will now try to answer.

When, on 3 May, 1931, the Holy Shroud was once more exposed for the veneration of the faithful it cannot be denied that doubt was very widespread, especially among the learned, as to the authenticity of the Relic. Three and thirty years, a third of a century, had passed since it had last been exhibited. It had not been possible throughout that long period to examine the Relic, so as to give an effective answer to the various objections raised. Moreover, a very violent attack, based upon quite indecisive literary evidence derived from ecclesiastical records, had been made by Canon Ulysse Chevalier, a learned and widely respected French priest. The conclusion he drew from these documents was that the images upon the Shroud were merely paintings executed in the middle of the fourteenth century, and that the painter was at that time well known and had actually acknowledged that they were his work. A very large number of learned Catholics followed him in this conclusion, very rashly, for they had no opportunity of examining the Shroud itself, and thus based their conclusion solely on literary evidence; although it could only be a matter of a few years before another Exposition of the Relic would take place, and the opinions they set forth with such a show of certainty would be put to the test of being confronted with reality.

As soon as the procession to the Cathedral was over and the Holy Shroud, taken from its casket, had been stretched on its frame and placed, magnificently lighted, to form

a kind of reredos to the High Altar, we who were privileged to be present in the Cathedral to witness the ceremony realized at once that all these learned theories had completely and irrevocably broken down. The essential and only basis on which they had been founded was the assumption that the images on the Shroud were paintings executed in the middle of the fourteenth century. It was obvious the moment we saw them, even at a distance, that these images were no work of the Pre-Raphaelite period, and indeed that they had not at all the appearance of having been produced by any kind of painting. Afterwards, when we were privileged to approach closely and examine the Relic in detail, this first impression became a certainty, confirmed again later on by microscopic examination of the magnificent photographs issued with ecclesiastical authority.

There are four reasons, besides this one drawn from the general appearance of these images, each of which would be decisive by itself, and which, taken together, make any further suggestion of painting quite inadmissible. They are as follows :

1. The process of painting on a fabric involves the deposit of solid particles of colouring matter upon the threads, so that these latter become partially or entirely hidden. But in the case of the Shroud every thread is visible, and no trace of solid extraneous matter can be detected even by microscopic examination. The threads themselves are stained more or less throughout, so that the same figures, fainter in colouring but otherwise identical, appear on the other side. Not thus was any human painting done in the fourteenth century, or indeed at any other time.

2. Human work, however minute, necessarily shows outline and shading. It may be so fine as completely to delude the unaided eye, but its nature at once becomes manifest when it is put under the microscope. But these figures have no outline and no trace of shading. The colouring becomes more or less intense by quite imperceptible degrees. The edges fade away into the general fabric so that it is impossible to say where the tint begins and where it ends. That effect is characteristic of

natural processes ; it is quite unattainable by human effort, at any rate if unaided by any elaborate mechanical device.

3. In the fourteenth century in France anatomy was not understood, and nothing was known of the circulation of the blood. But here the anatomical detail and proportion is exact, the behaviour of blood flowing from a wound is true to nature, and the contrast between living blood and dead blood is duly preserved. Even the characteristic way in which a clot of blood dries, the colouring matter thicker on the circumference than in the centre, is truly represented on the Shroud, though it takes the microscope to reveal it. But the realism of the fourteenth century was not of this kind ; science had not attained to such details of knowledge, nor did men do work that only the microscope could test ; the microscope itself had not been invented !

4. The fourth reason carries conviction to the mind even more readily than these three already given. It is that the figures upon the Shroud are shown reversed in light and shade, something after the manner of a photographic negative. If they are photographed they produce upon the plate a positive picture, with light and shade more as we are accustomed to see it. Even the expression upon the face is perfect. But no human being, even now, could paint in this way, not even if he were an expert retoucher of photographs. Such a one might be able to produce a passable representation of a human body in negative, but to preserve so delicate a thing as the expression on a face while thus reversing the light and shade is quite beyond human skill. If that is so even to-day, when photography has made us familiar with the phenomena of inverted light and shade, how much more was it so in the fourteenth century, when the very idea had not yet been thought of. Nor, even if it had been possible, could there be any conceivable motive which would have led a painter to work in this way, and make his work so hard to understand.

These four considerations are sufficient to put completely out of court the theory that the Shroud is nothing but a mediaeval painting. It should never be heard of

again. As a matter of fact, so far as I am aware, no single one of the two million persons who are said to have inspected the Relic at the Exposition of last year has since then ventured to come forward and to support the exploded theory by any argument based upon observation of the Shroud itself.

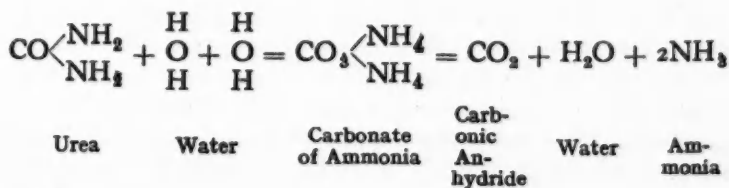
The images upon the Shroud have been made by a human body.

This conclusion follows necessarily as soon as it is admitted that they are not the work of an artist. For a moment's thought will show us that there are two ways and two ways only in which the double representation of a body, back and front, upon a single sheet, can be produced. If it is not the work of a human artist, it can only have been produced by some influence proceeding from an actual body which has been laid upon one part of the sheet and then covered over by the remaining portion. No third way is conceivable. The next question for us to consider is, therefore, this. Under what circumstances can a dead body produce upon the linen which surrounds it definite images of itself such as we see upon the Shroud? They are not the results of mere contact, but actual projections on to the receiving surface such as we have in an ordinary portrait or the reflection in a mirror.

This question was investigated with much care and many experiments by M. Vignon, the present Professor of Biology in the Institut Catholique of Paris, immediately after the former Exposition in 1898, with the help of the only photograph then taken, a photograph which was good and reliable as far as it went, but very much inferior to those which are now available. He had the laboratories of the Sorbonne at his disposal, and the help of other scientists of the University.

Everyone knows that the human body in life, and at least for the first few hours after death, while the corpse is still warm, may emit certain emanations, such as sweat, which are often able to discolour linen after an interval even though no mark be discernible at first. There can be no doubt of this when contact has been established, and it may easily happen under special circumstances that

a similar, though less strongly marked, effect may be produced, especially when the body is much heated or suffering acute pain, even when the linen just fails to touch. In that case it would be possible, in theory, provided such emanations were very rapidly, but not instantaneously, absorbed by the atmosphere, for an image resembling those upon the Shroud to be produced. M. Vignon believed himself to have established by actual experiment that such an effect could be produced by a tortured body upon linen which enveloped it, provided this linen had been soaked in aloes. For the benefit of scientific readers I will give the theory in the words used by the great scientist Professor Yves Delage, in his paper on the subject read before the Académie des Sciences in 1902. "It is possible by chemical action to produce images of round objects" on a suitable flat surface. "Such images are negative not because of the inversion of light and dark but because of the fact that the reliefs give more energetic impressions than the hollows. . . . The clearness of the image obtained depends upon the rapidity with which the action diminishes as the distance grows between the emitting substance and the receiving screen. . . . If the diminution in the action be rapid the image produced differs but little from those which would be produced by actual orthogonal projection from the different points of the active surface." In the experiments conducted in the years 1900-2 at the Sorbonne the receiving surface was always linen soaked in a tincture of aloes, and the presence of aloes in some form was regarded as a necessary condition of obtaining a satisfactory result. But this does not seem at all certain. Aloes play no part in the formula suggested as showing the most probable chemical cause of the production of the image. It is given thus :



There would seem, therefore, to be no reason why exactly the same result should not be produced on the linen sheet if no agent such as aloes were present.

I am induced to raise this question by a letter from a correspondent in Wales. This lady writes to me that she had inherited a somewhat gruesome legacy from a relative who had died at a very advanced age. This bequest included a number of sheets and other pieces of linen which had been used in the funeral ceremonies of members of the family and then been folded up and carefully preserved, unwashed. Many of these retained stains from the body which they had enveloped, and these stains had become permanent and could not be removed by washing. Her conclusions were these: (1) that although no stain might be produced at the moment by human emanations under such conditions, a stain was liable to appear, possibly only after some considerable time had elapsed, and to become darker and irremovable as time went on; (2) that the same effect can be produced by sweat from the living body. One of her instances was that of a lace veil, worn once, and once only, by a bride on her wedding-day. Either the day was very hot or the bride much agitated, for wherever the lace had touched her skin it was marked by dark permanent stains, at least as dark as those on the Holy Shroud.

To reproduce the conditions of the Crucifixion is obviously impossible, so that, when once it is granted that images like those on the Shroud may conceivably have been caused by slow chemical action of this kind, there is little to be gained by further experiment. But it will be well to note at this stage that all the four points that I have named as proving that we are not dealing in the case of the Shroud with any human production are precisely those which would certainly be present in any such work of nature.

The general appearance of the images upon the Shroud is, as has been said, that of a photographic negative. As regards the prominences and hollows of the body the light and shade is reversed from the effect ordinarily produced upon our eyes. But to this general rule there is one marked exception. The bruises made by the scourge

show, as they would in life, dark upon the white skin. The dried blood from the wounds shows darker still. Evidently the emanation which has caused the image has been present in greater activity where the flesh has been bruised, and most of all in the blood itself. Here again the effect observed is in complete agreement with what we should have expected from the cause suggested. The blood and the bruises have acted most strongly of all, and made darker and redder stains. The body as a whole has stained the sheet most strongly at those points where there was actual contact and less strongly precisely in proportion to the distance which separated that particular portion of the body from the surface of the sheet. Many parts were too far off to make any impression at all.

DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE SHROUD

The Fabric. The Shroud consists of a single long sheet of linen, measuring now 14 ft. by 3ft. 7 inches. It must originally have been longer, but pieces have been cut off from the ends for distribution as relics. It is woven diagonally as a twill 3 : 1, the warp hiding three threads of the woof and showing the fourth. The pattern is in chevrons—herringbone, as we say ; the stripes about an inch wide. There is no difficulty in linen having lasted so long, for specimens exist of far greater age. The pattern on stones and pottery goes back far beyond the Christian era. On the other hand very few examples of ancient linens have survived, and no existing specimen shows the same pattern or the same weave. The earliest with which the Shroud can be compared seems to be one at the Musée Guimet, of Egyptian origin, which is supposed to be of the fourth century. This is of 3 : 1 diagonal, and has chevrons woven in the border. If such weaving could be done in the fourth century it could probably have been done in the first, for the period between was not one of great advances in the mechanical arts. So, although no similar example has survived from the first century, no serious objection can be brought against the authenticity of the Shroud on this account.

Nor, as a matter of fact, has any such objection been raised by any expert. The evidence of the fabric is indecisive.

The figures on the Shroud.

The photograph taken in 1898 by Signor Pia, although not to be compared with those we now have, was a good one, and there is not much fresh to be learned from this source. All the results obtained by M. Vignon and Père de Malijay are fully confirmed. Only on a few points does it seem necessary to say anything further.

Much has been written about the wound which is to be seen in the left wrist, the right hand being covered over. Our Lord's hands were pierced, it is said, and not His wrists. But if an attempt be made to visualize the Crucifixion as it really was, this difficulty disappears. The arms were raised above the head. That is shown on the Shroud by the stream of dried blood that has run down the forearm. The arms had, therefore, to support much of the weight of the body. The nail would necessarily have to be driven through the lower part of the palm, or it would tear through the flesh. It would be natural to slant it downwards that it might hold the better. If this were done the wound on the back of the hand, which is the only one we can see, would naturally come out on the wrist. Yet it would be the hands that were pierced, as the Gospel says and prophecy demands.

In the Exposition of 1898 the feet were not shown, as the frame had accidentally been made too small. We now see these for the first time and the result goes very strongly to support the theory of origin which we have already given. The stains hardly suggest feet at all. In the frontal image there are no feet, only a vague tinting, and a blood mark at the base. The reason would seem to be that as the body was laid on its back the toes pointed upwards and the linen did not touch the skin at any point. If we turn to the back image the evidence is even stronger. Here the linen has evidently been folded back from the heel of the left foot, so that it lay along the bloodstained sole, the dried blood on which has acted very strongly. The wound is quite visible in the centre of the sole.

From the heel there has flowed a little trickle of liquid blood, the result no doubt of the withdrawal of the nail. The trickle seems to show that the body must have been laid on the sheet and the images formed very soon after death had taken place, while a slight flow of liquid or semi-liquid blood was still possible.

This is the most important new evidence we have obtained from the recent photographs. For the rest the conclusions to be derived remain exactly the same as they were when Professor Yves Delage summed them up before the Académie des Sciences thirty years ago, as the result of two years' experiment and microscopic examination of the older photograph in the University Laboratories of the Sorbonne. These stain images, he said, have been made by a dead body, and, further, by the body of a man who has suffered crucifixion after a cruel scourging with loaded whips ; who has been crowned with thorns, and whose side has been pierced with a lance. One can only cry out as he did, non-Catholic and non-Christian as he was, "It is Christ Himself who has impressed this image on the Shroud." How, otherwise, can the evidence before us be rationally explained ?

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY SHROUD

It is a curious paradox that, whereas many scientists, including some who are, like M. Yves Delage, not even Christian believers, are willing on purely scientific grounds to accept the Holy Shroud as authentic, the main opposition has come from the Catholic clergy, led by Canon Chevalier and Fr. Thurston, S.J., and has been based solely on historical grounds. But clearly, if the Holy Shroud can indeed supply its own authentication, it is of comparatively small consequence what may have been its history. All that its defenders are called upon to show is that there is no certain proof to be drawn from history that it is not what it claims to be. Admittedly the story is not always clear as there are gaps we cannot fill, but it will be seen, even in the very brief sketch which is all that our space will allow, that no necessary contradiction to the authenticity of the relic is involved. The

documents, such as they are, can be explained so as to give a fairly reasonable and continuous interpretation of the facts.

The Holy Shroud at Jerusalem.

1. The three Synoptic Gospels all tell of the Sindon or linen sheet purchased by Joseph of Arimathaea. We are told that he bought it for its particular purpose and that the Sacred Body was wrapped in it. We feel with St. Braulion of Seville, who wrote in the eighth century, that it is impossible to think so great a relic was allowed to perish unpreserved.

2. Next we have a curious passage from the apocryphal Gospel of the Hebrews, quoted by St. Jerome, saying that our Lord, "after, He had given the Sindon to the priest's servant, appeared to James". The text appears to be corrupt, but it shows that the Sindon was not forgotten.

3. St. Nino, a Georgian princess, visited Jerusalem at a very early period, before 338, and wrote an account of her visit which is extant. She was told that the Sindon was formerly in the possession of St. Peter, but it was not shown to her. One must suppose that it had been hidden during the ages of persecution and had not yet been brought out for veneration.

4. After peace had come to the Church the Shroud and other great relics were no doubt brought from their hiding-places. St. Helena got possession of many and sent them to Rome and Constantinople. About the year 438 the Empress Eudoxia came to Jerusalem on pilgrimage, eager to collect more relics for the new Church of St. Mary Blachernes which she and the Empress Pulcheria were building at Constantinople. A late chronicler, Nicephorus Callistus, writing about 1335, gives a list of the relics she sent back. Among them are the *spargana*, the swathing-clothes of our Lord. The Sindon is not mentioned by name, but may fairly be presumed to be included. The word means primarily the swaddling-clothes of an infant, and just as the inner garment is included in these as well as the bandages, so also here.

5. Against the theory that it was Eudoxia who brought the Sindon to Constantinople there is the story told by

Adanan of Iona about 705. A certain Bishop Arculfus was shown at Jerusalem a linen sheet, 8 ft. in length, which bore the figure of our Lord upon it, and which he understood to be the actual Shroud of the Sepulchre. The same story is told in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by two different pilgrims, Bernard, a French monk, and Peter the Deacon, a monk of Monte Cassino. The latter went as late as 1140, and both believed they had seen the Holy Shroud. On the other hand the Shroud, as we shall see, was certainly in Constantinople in 1205, and it is difficult to suppose that so great a relic could have been brought from Jerusalem to Constantinople at so late a period as the twelfth century and yet left no record of the event anywhere to be found.

We must conclude, I think, that Eudoxia, when she removed the real Shroud in the fifth century, replaced it by a copy of the frontal image only, which therefore measured only 8 ft., against the 14 ft. of the original. In that case, as we shall see, history exactly repeated itself in the fifteenth century at Besançon. The copy, as so often happens in such cases, came in time to be taken for the original, without any intention to deceive. Pilgrims often make mistakes of this kind.

The Holy Shroud at Constantinople, 428-1205.

Constantinople, far more even than Rome, had come to be the depository of the great relics of the Passion. They seem almost all to have passed into the possession of the Emperors and to have been but seldom shown to the faithful at large. We have mention of the Sindon among these relics in several accounts in 1150 and 1157 and 1201. The description at the latter date is worth quoting, as the passage will be new to most readers, and is important as helping to establish the identity of the Shroud of Turin with the Relic of Constantinople. "These burial sindons of Christ are of linen, of an ordinary make. They still smell of myrrh, and are indestructible since they once enshrouded the dead body, anointed and naked, of the Almighty after His Passion."* In 1205, the date of

* Nicolaos Mesarites, *Die Palastrevolution des Johannes Komnenos*. Ed. A. Heisenberg. Würzburg, 1907.

the disastrous Latin attack on Constantinople, the Emperor and his treasures were at the Palace of Blachernes, so the Shroud had come back to its original home. There, we learn from one of the chroniclers of the Crusades, Robert de Clari, "it was exposed every Friday for public veneration, stretched upright, so that all could well see the image of our Saviour, and no one, either Greek or Frank, knows what became of this Sindon when the town was taken".

The Holy Shroud in France, 1208.

If Robert de Clari was thus in ignorance of the fate of the Shroud, there were others who knew more. It was the Burgundian troops who stormed and looted the Palace and Church of Blachernes. One of their leaders, Otho de la Roche, "Duke of Sparta and Athens", possessed himself of the Shroud, and a year or two later, when opportunity occurred, sent it home to his father, Ponce de la Roche. Ponce handed it on in 1208 to Amédée de Tramelai, the Archbishop of Besançon, and he placed it in his Cathedral Church.

The Shroud remained at Besançon, its authenticity undisputed by any, for nearly a century and a half. Then, in the great fire which burned the Cathedral in 1349, it once more disappeared. It was feared that it had perished in the flames, but in fact it had been rescued by one of the de Vergy family, who carried it away out of Franche Comté and its jurisdiction, and gave it to the King, Philip of Valois, who was then at Calais. Philip died the following year, but before his death he gave the Shroud to one of his knights, Count Geoffrey I of Charney, with instructions—this I think we must assume to explain the developments, though there is no record of the fact—that he was to restore it to its rightful owners, the Canons of Besançon.

Now begins the most difficult and complicated story, on the records of which Canon Chevalier and Fr. Thurston framed their attack on the authenticity of the Turin Relic. As it stands it is certainly puzzling, but to anyone who can read between the lines the solution is not very difficult. To discuss the question at length here would be impossible.

I can only tell the story as it seems to me to have occurred, taking all the documents into careful consideration.

Geoffrey de Charney, before he handed back the Shroud to the Canons, had a copy made. This copy—a bad copy and of the front image only, measuring 8ft by 4ft.—he gave to the Canons as the real Shroud, retaining the genuine one himself. The Canons, no great critics of art, made no protest. For the “copy” de Charney built a collegiate church at Lirey, and endowed it fully.

Very soon the Canons of Lirey began to make expositions of their Relic, with full solemnity, as being the true Shroud of Christ. Henri of Poitiers, the Bishop of the Diocese, naturally interfered; the evidence of the painter who had made the copy was taken; the relic itself was not examined; no defence was possible which would not have acknowledged the fraud that had been committed, and judgment went accordingly. The Shroud of Lirey was not to be exhibited as the true Shroud but only as a copy. The Canons of Besançon were still supposed to possess the original.

Thirty years went by, and again the Canons of Lirey, knowing that they had the genuine Shroud, were treating it with the honour they thought due to it. Once more the diocesan, now Pierre d'Arci, interfered. The Canons, backed by the powerful Count de Charney, would not give way. It was 1390, the time of the Great Schism, and the antipope Robert of Geneva reigned at Avignon as Clement VII. To him the Bishop appealed, but with scanty success. The Pope gave an answer which was most diplomatic but which settled nothing. One feels that he had more than a suspicion how the case really lay. On the one hand he ordered that if a public exhibition were made of the Shroud of Lirey it must be loudly declared that it was only a copy of the true Shroud. In that way he secured that no further public expositions should take place. On the other hand, to the Bishop's intense indignation, he imposed upon him perpetual silence on the matter. He must make no further attack on the authenticity of the Shroud of Lirey. So the matter ended, the controversy was brought to a close, but no real decision had been given and no examination

had been made. The Canons of Lirey retained their Relic, which they no doubt knew to be genuine; the Canons of Besançon were still quite content with their copy, which they believed to be the original; the times grew increasingly full of trouble and for thirty more years there is nothing to recount. Then in 1421, the period of the English wars with France, the Canons of Lirey handed over their relics for safe keeping to the de Charney family. In 1449 peace was restored and the Canons claimed their relics, but Margaret de Charney, in whose possession they now were, refused to give them back. The Canons pressed their case and Margaret responded by carrying off the Shroud to another castle of hers in Belgium. There once more she began exhibiting the Shroud with all religious veneration. The Bishop of Liège called upon her for documents. She had none but the order of the Antipope, that it could only be exhibited as a copy of the true Shroud, and judgment was given accordingly. She returned to Burgundy and settled the matter as far as she was concerned by handing over the Shroud, in 1452, to the custody of her kinsman Louis I, Duke of Savoy, and the ancestor of the present King of Italy. From that time the history is well known, and there is little more that need be said. The Canons of Lirey were appeased with a money payment, and, since the Schism had long since come to an end, the order of Robert of Geneva no longer carried any weight. The Holy Shroud, once more exhibited, carried general conviction of its own authenticity and was accepted unreservedly by the Church. "It cannot be denied", writes Fr. Thurston, S.J. in the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, "that the authenticity of the Shroud of Turin has been taken for granted in various pronouncements of the Holy See. An Office and Mass, 'de Sancto Sindone', was formally approved by Julius II . . . who speaks of it as 'that most famous Shroud in which our Saviour was wrapped when He lay in the tomb'. . . . Sixtus IV, too, stated that 'in this Shroud man may look upon the true blood and the portrait of Jesus Christ Himself'. Nor with the exception of the attack made on historical grounds by Canon Chevalier, which is refuted as we have seen

by even a casual inspection of the Relic, has any serious effort ever been made to refute its authenticity.

It we turn back to consider the Shroud of Besançon the case is very different. The Canons themselves never openly expressed any doubt, if they felt any, that the true Shroud had been returned to them. They maintained their claim to possess it until the period of the French Revolution, though their treasure was but rarely shown, so that when at last a formal examination was made in 1794, no one of the Canons then in office had ever seen it outside its case. It was manifest as soon as it was examined that it was only a painted copy, and a very bad copy, of the Shroud of Turin, and it was sent to the *Maison Dieu* to be torn up and used for lint.

THE HOLY SHROUD AND THE GOSPEL NARRATIVES

It remains to say a few words upon the evidence of Holy Scripture. Obviously, if the Shroud be indeed what it claims to be, there can be no real discrepancy between the two sources of evidence. The figures on the Shroud tell us that the Body, newly taken down from the Cross, still unwashed and unprepared for burial—only straightened out and laid reverently upon its back—was laid upon one half of the Sheet and covered over with the other half. When can this have occurred? There are two possible opinions. The first is that time was so short before the Sabbath began that absolutely nothing could be done except to lay the Sacred Body in this way in the Tomb. Then, on the Sunday, as the day dawned, the women came to complete the ceremonial of burial. If we had nothing but the Synoptic narratives to guide us, this is the conclusion we should almost certainly adopt. It is in complete accordance with what we are there told. But the Gospel of St. John seems to make it difficult, though perhaps not impossible, to accept that solution. From St. John's words we should certainly conclude that, although the usual ceremonies of burial may have been shortened, yet much more than this was done. Once the body had been washed it would have been impossible for the figures to have been impressed

on the Shroud in any natural way, and we should have to fall back wholly on the supernatural, though the figures themselves seem clearly to show that, essentially, whatever Providential guiding there may have been, their origin was natural.

The second possibility for the formation of the images would be that the Body was laid upon the Sheet and covered over immediately after it had been taken from the Cross, and that it was so left for some short time while the funerary arrangements were being made. Later on, the usual washings and anointing and bandagings would be carried out, as St. John seems to suggest. This hypothesis offers no difficulties of exegesis and explains everything. The only difficulty which can be suggested would seem to be that of time. Would such an explanation allow sufficient time for such images to have formed themselves? The answer to that would be that at present we still know almost nothing of the exact nature of the bio-chemical process, or how much time is required. The emanations of the tortured body may, one can imagine, have been very strong immediately after death, and have ceased very shortly afterwards as the body cooled. It is a question which cannot easily be answered, and one must remember also that, in such a case, we may well be dealing with something more than the merely ordinary course of nature. If the time factor can be eliminated in such miracles at Lourdes as involve the sudden production of new tissues and even new bones, much more may it have been so in this case, if it was the Will of God to leave to His Church so striking a memorial of the Passion of His Son. We cannot, I think, in dealing with the Holy Shroud, entirely eliminate the supernatural factor.

A third point in conclusion. The word *sudarium*, which in classical Latin meant a "napkin", is always used by later writers, both Latin and Greek, as meaning a "winding-sheet". They translated St. John xx, 7, "the burial sheet which was turned back over his head", and applied it without hesitation to this Relic. Is it certain that they were wrong?

ARTHUR S. BARNES.

ART. 4.—STRAY THOUGHTS ON ART IN LITERATURE

PEOPLE fond of speculative theories sometimes seek to define which is the greatest of the arts—poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music—or the order in which they should be placed; that is to say, one supposes, which of these arts achieves, with more or less expenditure of effort, the most for the benefit and delight of the world. Admitting that each of the arts appeals to different people in different ways, which of them carries its message with the most efficiency—which has the greatest appeal for the many, and for what reason? If we accept as a rough distinction that music appeals mostly to the emotions, and literature to the mind, while all of them touch the imagination and the æsthetic sense, more so, at any rate, than a deal table, a garden wall or a piece of bread-and-butter, where do we come to in the order by which the various arts should be judged, and is any one of them superior to the others?

But one cannot really say that one of them is superior to the others in their various degrees, and therefore perhaps there would be no reason to discuss the matter; there is no such thing as a superior art. But there is such a thing as showing the different ways in which the various arts please, how they are interrelated, and how one often supplies the deficiencies of another or others, how, above all, one art might take a hint from others and become more concrete, more efficient and artistic—in a word, to use a material metaphor, more “satisfying” as art.

We sometimes make the mistake of thinking that only the highest forms of poetry, painting, and sculpture are really art. Pieces of architecture such as, for instance, a pigsty or a bakehouse are, it is true, not expected to be artistic, any more than is a newspaper paragraph, but when all is said and done they contain the germ and nucleus of something intended to be art, just as a jig or jangle made for pantomime or a boy’s whistling out of tune in the street may contain the germs of an art made great by Mozart and Wagner.

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Let us take but one side of this comparison. And as to the particular art under consideration, writing when so judged finds itself in a much inferior position to painting, music, or architecture.

Most of the writing of to-day cannot really be called art at all, and nobody takes it for such, or thinks it ought to be such—most indeed rather despise it if it aims at being such. Because all people are taught to put what they call ideas on paper, more or less in the slovenly way in which thoughts come into their minds, writing has come to be considered as merely a habit, much the same as dressing oneself or taking lunch—requiring, in fact, less care than either of these latter operations. Somebody once glibly said, comparing writing with the other arts, that it was the easiest and needed least paraphernalia; one could “write” anywhere, even in a desert, and needed only a few slips of paper and a goose’s feather. One might as well say that to paint one needs but a piece of canvas and a brush (leaving out eyes and a sense of perspective).

But painting, designing, and music, the teaching and pursuit of which are not so common, are regarded as fine arts, since they require more trouble and more “atmosphere”. They have too to be more restrained and more concise—in a word, more artistic. Even the child who strums on a piano has to keep a certain measure. But everybody can write a letter of some sort, and, from writing a letter, also by presumption an “article” or an impression or two. Comparatively few can make a sketch in crayons or colours or set a theme down in base and treble.

And yet it is true that writing of the best is as rare an art as the others. Mere ordinary writing has become a second nature because writers do not prune, correct, and keep their effects within the proper scale, above all, do not try to be artistic. Pens run away with one, and so too do typewriters, while the art of dictating is notably an encouragement to prolixity. The musician, architect, and plastic artist have to measure their material and keep within its limits.

In literature the greatest art may be found in a finely chiselled poem or a well-written short story. Painting often shows the way how to achieve this, though few

writers would admit this to be the case. Paint-brushes and statuary's chisel cannot be prolix; they have to aim straight and economize material. Another pitfall in the art of writing is that whereas imitation is easy in all the arts, it is most easy to fall into in writing and least easy to detect.

If a short story can be a picture, a picture is often a short story. A piece of music, such as a sonata, can be a romance, and a romance often gains if it is reminiscent of the movements of such a musical measure, for instance, as a sonata.

Thus the arts do, and should, intermingle, and derive inspiration from one another. The ultra-modern critic may say that pictures should not tell stories, but should just be impressions. But right impressions, if true and just, go beyond the mere necessities of their being and become like a tale that is told. A picture of Dutch tulips is before me now, but it contains a whole world of thought and impression beyond tulips. With the red roofs of the houses behind them, and the windmills, they suggest not merely the beauty of natural things, of flowers that are in their way sturdy and Dutch, but they tell of a country's history, and of the people's manners and their methodical way of working.

There are stories, as there should be, that are like temples or other harmonized pieces of architecture; there is architecture that contains poems. He who does not think of a poem or at least let his mind rise to poetic heights when contemplating a fine piece of architecture, such as Strasbourg cathedral, misses much of its meaning. The great architects had in them the same fundamental stuff as poets. Good painters can be changed into poets or story-tellers, and vice versa (with the exception of the technique of each art).

Rodin made two Hands—the Hand of God and the Hand of Satan. If the observer cannot see in these the subtle distinction which the sculptor wished to convey, the one the Hand of a builder and artificer, the other the Hand of cunning—the hand of a lawyer, one might say without disrespect to a useful profession, but which is not constructive—then he should never look at a piece

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of sculpture, and can only appreciate the Laughing Angel of Rheims because he has been told to do so.

A third Hand by Rodin is called by him the "Cathedral", and many people wonder why. It is because it is a poem : the palm, solid and steady, is the base of the house of God ; the tapering fingers with points upward are the pillars that hold up the roof ; and between each finger are the vari-coloured windows that welcome the light and flood the interior with it. Since the roof must be as light as possible, so as not to keep the adoration and orisons pent up before they leap heavenwards, it is not even outlined. So the hand of Man outstretched to his God may be defined—Rodin so defines it—as the first cathedral. The builders of those wonders of the Middle Ages built base and pillars in which they caught the light, and there-upon placed a filmy roof. No sculptor could put more soul which is poetry into a hand than Rodin did—as witness again that other protecting Hand of the man in his group of "The Kiss".

So many a picture or piece of sculpture contains not merely a short story, but a whole volume, better told than some in cloth or leather binding. Nor need we go back to find this to what is called the "Romantic School", which sets itself out deliberately to tell stories. I take an example at random : Adolph Menzel's "The Round Table at Sans-Souci", one of the treasures of the National Gallery at Berlin (photographic reproductions of which are fairly common). This is an epitome in a "story", told in concise but descriptive fashion, with few strokes, of the age of Frederick, and its grandeur, such as most writers would take numbers of chapters to convey. From the King himself and his great philosopher friend to the humblest of the eight other guests, each figure tells its own character, except the one who only shows the back of a wig (just as many characters in fiction display little but a wig or tuft of hair, with nothing under it) ; one can even add to them the servants. Not Dickens nor Thackeray, the great character-depictors, not Carlyle in his monumental work, could in laboured prose tell better stories of the character and dispositions which these nine faces reveal.

This picture is cited by a mere chance, because after a number of years it has again come under the attention of the present writer, and because it tells of facts known to most readers. Could not the lesson be driven home by many another picture ?

By way of comparison I take two undoubtedly fine books, which, like the picture, have also recently again come under my notice. I say fine books, though everybody will know this, because if one cited works of poor intrinsic value the comparison would be useless. These works are of different inspiration, trend, and intention, and yet have much in common. Apart from that, they both show what enormous efforts have to be employed to drive home the authors' lessons and attain anything like the effect that has been achieved by one small canvas by the painter who, as it were, had the spirit of Sans-Souci at his finger-tips. The two literary masterpieces I refer to are Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, which has been so admired by George Bernard Shaw, and the latter author's own rather cumbersome *Back to Methuselah*.

In the former, what reiterated efforts are employed to drill into the reader's mind all that Butler wishes to tell him ; what repetition about the unctuous hypocrisy of life in England in the early part of last century ; what insistence upon the nasty character, petty cruelties, and vanities of the clergyman and his wife ; what exaggeration—for a great deal of it is exaggeration—of the "stupidity" of married life, the ignorance and brutality in the treatment of children, especially the hero ! But Butler insists on these points, making his otherwise fine novel (or rather biography), besides in its way a masterpiece, also a series of sermons, a disquisition and an inquisitory. So one is led to ask if a work of art such as a novel should also be a judgment tribunal.

Butler's book is not only an awful requisition to parents how not to bring up children, but it is likely to give the reader a distorted view of middle-class family life in England at the period of which he writes. A fable can be a work of art, although most fables have morals, but then it is a different form of art from fiction, which is supposed merely to depict life.

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But Samuel Butler's particular art in this book largely consists in moralizing, because the story of his friend is being told by a confirmed bachelor, who sees marriage among other things from a jaundiced point of view, and whose friendship for and admiration of the hero are legacies, as it were, of what he had before felt for the only woman towards whom his heart had once stirred—the hero's aunt.

If we compare the book with the story told by the picture I have cited, I may be told that the picture appeals to us with such force because we have long known something about Frederick and his friends at Sans-Souci; but that, as we knew nothing about the Pontifex family before turning over Butler's pages, therefore its history needed telling at length to be understood. On the other hand, there are moments in his book when Butler tries to make us believe that the Pontifex family was an average and representative family of the period when he lived. He tries to draw inferences from a particular case to the general. The fact is that readers must or should have known previously something about family life in the period under consideration, just as they must have read about the Court of Sans-Souci before they could appreciate the picture; and therefore all but the youngest and most impressionable might know that the Pontifex family was not a representative one of the time written about—or we should have heard of it!

Turning to Shaw's work, one cannot but wonder why this brilliant writer is incapable of obtaining his effects without such heavy, sledge-hammer blows. Why was not a quarter of all this sufficient, since with all its cleverness the iteration becomes wearisome? Why does Shaw lecture and "nag" so much? Why does he leave nothing to our imagination?

He will most likely reply that the people who read him—ourselves—have no imagination, which may be true of some but not of all, since Shaw appeals to the *élite* as well as the mob (the words are used in no derogatory sense, as we are all of the mob sometimes, and only from certain angles are some of us of the *élite*); and all the *élite* and some of the mob can appreciate in their

different ways that picture of Dutch tulips, and also another of a scene in a country inn—one might say any country inn, and not one so expressive as those of Teniers, which also I happen to be looking at. Different observers will put different interpretations, for instance, upon the action of the girl in this particular tavern scene who is turning away her head to laugh, whether it is her sense of humour or because the little man is making her blush, or even for another reason. But it is in these varied interpretations that imagination can have play, and in any case the girl exists and is intensely human.

These pictures excite the imagination and the æsthetic feelings of the beholder because they are just stories with a charm. They do not attempt to preach or convey morals, like some of the pictures of the Victorian era. In that way they are like most old tales—those of Boccaccio, if one wants an example—which are admitted to be fine literature, or like the poems of Shakespeare and Herrick.

The books I have mentioned, on the other hand, seem to say, seem to be almost continually saying, "You readers cannot think for yourselves; you have to be taught and told what is admirable and what is not, what should be retained and what forgotten; your imagination is not sufficiently buoyant to help you understand all this!"

Therefore, if one is to use the word, and compare art with art, these works, one thinks, are not such essentially great art as many a short story one could name, or other forms of literature.

It may be that Mr. Shaw would be the first to disclaim that he wishes to be artistic: his aim, he would probably say, is to teach, to lecture to foolish unthinking people, and show them how far superior he himself is. And as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, his success shows that his method is the right one for a very large public (and in any case we all admire him in spite of his treatment of us—the sour medicine and the shadow of the cane!). We are only discussing art here, and pointing out that the best art often lies in literature that is less diffuse, that tells a story concisely, wisely, without

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rodomontade, and without repeatedly nudging the reader with an exclamation, "Ah, that's clever!" or digging him in the ribs with a, "Got that, eh?"

Too many of the writers of to-day are doing this sort of thing. If we think about authors like Walter Scott and Fielding, Brontë, Jane Austen, Marryat, and others of an older day, we do not have the impression that they are all the time "nagging" at and lecturing us. They take the world as it is and tell us about it, and that is sufficient to give us pleasure, and, if we think about things, to be "improving" for us. It is true that some of Dickens's books were written to point out abuses, like the treatment of pauper children, or of prisoners in the Fleet, but Dickens's art of story-telling leaves no impression of "sermonizing".

Again at random I think of the fine art contained in the *Imaginary Conversations* of Walter Savage Landor—pure art which gives the reader a vivid picture, like in their different way the picture of Sans-Souci, the tulips, or the tavern scene, which lets him understand just as much as he is capable of understanding, and repels him if he has not an understanding or an imaginative mind. In these small gems one finds all the humour, satire, love, hatred, indignation, pathos, without being told explicitly that they are love, hatred, and so on, which I object to in so many of our modern authors. And it must be puzzling to numerous students of literature that, as conversation takes up such a large part of our lives, and helps to demonstrate its amenities, this form of literature, the imaginary conversation outside of novels, is so exceedingly rare as a literary vehicle, since it is capable of so much expression as well as sparkle.

The artistic superiority of the short story, when it is a fine and great short story (ay! there's the rub!), lies, then, just in this: that it has to be told, as a picture is painted, within the compass of the canvas allotted, or as a cameo is cut, without moralities, without sermonizing or drawing conclusions, and without telling too much of the hero and heroine's state of mind under given circumstances, when it should be possible for the alert mind to judge these from their acts—above all, without so much

of the inane and empty conversation "leading nowhere" that is contained in so many larger works (for in these cases conversation, unless it helps to tell the story or has an aesthetic reason connected with the author's aim and scope, is mere arrant superfluity, which one often feels has been introduced because the fashion requires a novel to run to so many thousand words).

It would be over-bold and also unnecessary to point to some of the finest short stories of the past and present in our language. Everybody can supply a list according to individual taste. But E. A. Poe's stories, for instance (setting aside their subjects), require nothing in the way of commentary or insistence to add to their force, poignancy, directness, and pathos. A few of the American writers who succeeded him came—those writing forty or fifty years ago—very near to greatness (their later countrymen have gone very far from this standard). Nor is it necessary to point out that Rudyard Kipling's reputation was made entirely from the short story, and in nothing he has done since has he succeeded so well. Barrie's earlier reputation also owed much to his short stories. In the "same street" (though a more modest house) was a writer like W. W. Jacobs; and one could name others.

The French are admittedly the best writers of short stories. One need only mention among them the names of Guy de Maupassant, whose great reputation is based entirely on the short story, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, Anatole France, for this to be apparent. The French know the value of a story as story without "trimmings"; the grace of the pictorial is in their work, and some of the stories of authors like these contain all the artistic essence of an eighteenth-century or Dutch master, and some are delicately handled miniatures.

But one need not even cite such masters as these: in the daily Press of Paris, where the "*conte*" or short story is mostly *de rigueur*, it is astonishing what artistic talent and fine literary precision are found in many and many a short story of about a column and a half or two columns in length—not by any means all the time, but quite frequently—in which an everyday plot or a more recondite one, often seeking effects in very out-of-the-

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way situations, are handled in masterly fashion, and forgotten when the next paper comes out. These are not necessarily—in fact, they are very seldom—by well-known “best sellers”; and the subjects are often such as some other writers would take a whole volume to relate, and not do it so efficiently. The French author writes a story much in the same way as a French girl will shape a hat: the one suits a particular situation as the other is to suit a particular face.

The short story is a *genre* not much in favour among us British. This lies in our lack of the artistic sense and the proneness, with a pen in the hand, to pontificate rather than be light and graceful. English writers approach the subject too much like a “nation of shopkeepers”—they have to be tradesmanlike and follow the gospel of success, which mostly means imitating somebody or something. There are, it is true, fine English short stories, but they can rarely be appreciated by our admirable but inartistic contemporaries and are mostly soon ploughed up by the share of time like the “wee crimson-tippit flow’r”.

I have mentioned the versatility and wealth of conception among other gifts of the French short-story writer, which are sometimes quite striking. We English, who are highly imaginative in poetry, seem to suffer from a lack of imagination and become shackled in prose, especially in the short story. It is a pity that certain writers of fiction have not more often courted this vehicle of expression. There are two or three who would have gained; some others on the other hand who have tried it have suffered, not being able to get into their swing without a long book well padded.

SOMMERVILLE STORY.

ART. 5.—CONFRATERS AND OBLATES, PAST AND PRESENT

1. *Libri Confraternitatum Sancti Galli, etc.* (M.G.H. 1884).
2. *Necrologia Germaniae, II. Diocesis Salisburgensis.* (M.G.H. 1900—1904.)
3. *Libri Vitae Eccl. Dunelm.* (Surtees Society. 1841.)
4. *Register and Martyrology of New Minster and Hyde Abbey.* (Hampshire Record Society. 1892.)
5. *Ecclesiae Dunelmensis Scriptores Tres.* (Surtees Society 1839.)
6. *Priory of Coldingham.* (Surtees Society. 1841.)

FROM very early times there have been agreements between ecclesiastical communities of various kinds for union in prayer and participation in the good works of each other. The earliest examples known to us are agreements between two Benedictine abbeys, or between such an abbey and a chapter of secular clerks. But the custom was soon extended so as to include benefactors and friends of the abbey or chapter.

Some old confraternity books, giving lists of those so joined in participation, are still in existence; those of St. Gall, Pfäfers, Reichenau, Salzburg, Durham and Hyde have been printed and are easily accessible.* As early examples of the taking of individuals into confraternity, the following may be cited. In A.D. 718, a certain layman made a gift to the monastery of Weissemburg, that his name might be written in the *Book of Life*, and that the monks and their successors should include him in their prayers—the *Book of Life* (*Liber Vitae*) being the confraternity book which in many abbeys was laid on the altar during the conventual mass, down to, I believe, the thirteenth century. Between 911 and 918, the Emperor Conrad I whilst on a visit to St. Gall was received as a *frater conscriptus*. And in the following century, Otto, cardinal-bishop of Ostia, when a guest at Reichenau, at his own request, obtained the fraternity of the abbot and convent; and after his death the same

* Dom Andrew Wilmart, O.S.B., of Farnborough Abbey, contributed a valuable paper on the confraternity book of another well-known abbey, St. Bertin, to the *Bulletin historique de la Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie* (1924).

suffrages were offered for him as for a monk.* The custom became so general that Ulric of Cluny, writing in the eleventh century, could say that very many, both rich and poor, had been received into the fraternity of that great abbey.

In course of time the practice of granting "fraternity" became general; it was not even confined to the orders and secular chapters, but hospitals and gilds granted their letters like the greatest abbey or cathedral church. It is impossible within the limits of a short article to deal with the matter generally, and attention will be confined, for the most part, to what is *known* of the practice in England—as to which there have been many wild generalizations.

The material at our disposal consists of: (1) existing "letters of fraternity", as grants in writing were called; † (2) the acts of general or provincial chapters of religious orders; (3) the rite of reception at St. Augustine's, Canterbury; and (4) sundry entries in mediaeval chronicles and records. The greater part of our information relates to the Black Monks of the normal type (excluding that is, the Cluniacs and the Order of Tiron) and the Black Canons. These two bodies may well be taken together, for, as the episcopal registers show, their manner of life was very much the same, saving the fact that the canons served a certain number of churches, and, more important still, they were alike governed by general chapters, first provincial as ordered by the fourth council of the Lateran, and later ational, as nordered by Benedict XII—in which respect, I believe, they stood alone among the monks and canons regular of Europe.

We have a few early and interesting grants of fraternity made by the Black Canons. Between 1162 and 1170, Richard Fitz-William was received into fraternity by the canons of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, in recognition of a grant he had made of the chapel of Astwick, in the presence of St. Thomas, whilst archbishop of Canterbury, which

* For these three examples I am indebted to the kindness of Dom Louis Gougaud, D. Litt, O.S.B., of Farnborough Abbey.

† In two very interesting articles in *Archæologia* (1926 and 1929) Prebendary Clark-Maxwell has indicated the existence of some 500 letters of fraternity, 300 of them emanating from Durham.

fixes the date.* In 1250, in return for various gifts, Master Richard of Wendover was received as a brother by the prior and canons of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and granted participation in their good works, "so that his name with the brethren of Christ may be inscribed in our roll".† In 1296, the prior and canons of Dunstable, received William of Bodringham, archdeacon of Cornwall, as a brother of their chapter, *in fratrem capituli*, he having made a long stay with them and done them many kindnesses.‡ Again, at some date not mentioned, Richard Cumin gave certain lands to the priory of Hexham in return for which he, his wife, his brother, and his heirs were received into full brotherhood, *in plenariam fraternitatem*, both during life and after death.§ And in 1317, the abbot and convent of Wigmore, a house of Victorine canons, admitted Sir Roger Tromyn and Dame Joan, his wife, to full participation in the good works of the house, during life and after death; and further promised that, as a special grace, upon notice of their deaths being received, suffrages should be made for them as for a professed member of the community.||

It may be well to add here what there is to be said about other canons regular; and first as regards the Premonstratensians. There is an instance of a grant of fraternity printed in the *Monasticon* in its account of the abbey of Newhouse. It is a letter addressed by the abbot and convent to their "most Christian brother", Peter de Gousla, a relative of the founder of the abbey, who himself is spoken of as "our brother". In the course of this letter they say that Peter had formerly been received *in ecclesiae nostrae beneficio*, and that then they acknowledged him not only as a participant in their good works, but as one of themselves in life and after death. By the Premonstratensian canons, those who were admitted to fraternity were styled *fratres ad succurendum*;¶

* *Monasticon*, vi, 152, and *Victoria History of London*, i, 473.

† St. Paul's Chapter Library MSS. Box 70, No. 1759; quoted and translated in Webb, *Records of St. Bartholomew*, i, 120.

‡ *Annals of Dunstable* (Rolls Series), p. 408.

§ *Monasticon Anglicum*, vi, 443.

|| Camden Society, *Ecclesiastical Documents* (1840), p. 72.

¶ See on this point Lamy, *L'Abbaye de Tongerlo* (Louvain, 1914) p. 89.

and among the manuscripts of the earl of Ancaster there is a fragment of the Newhouse *Necrology* covering a short period of twenty-three days, in which, the names of four brothers, one sister, and three canons *ad succ.* are entered.* Next, as to the Trinitarian canons. In the Camden Society volume already referred to, there is a letter (p. 78), from the head of the house of St. Robert at Knaresborough, granting one Thomas Popley, certain spiritual privileges conceded by the Holy See to Trinitarian confraters, which is sufficient evidence that these canons too, admitted the laity to fraternity. As to the other orders of canons, Prebendary Clark-Maxwell notes the existence of letters of fraternity granted by the Gilbertines, and of one granted by the canons of the Holy Cross (Crutched Friars).

To pass on to the Benedictines, our chief sources of information are the Durham and Hyde books. For Durham, besides the *Liber Vitae*, which is a list of names and little else, there are, according to Prebendary Clark-Maxwell, about 300 letters of fraternity in existence. Most of these are inaccessible to the general reader; but Raine, who was librarian to the dean and chapter, compiled a calendar of some 200 issued between 1315 and 1534, and printed it at the end of the *Obituary Rolls*, which he edited for the Surtees Society. The number of persons included is considerably greater than the number of letters; for often enough one document comprises both man and wife, and sometimes their children as well. On the other hand, a few of the letters refer not to individuals, but to religious houses; a matter with which we are not here concerned. The majority are grants to great personages in Church and State, but some letters are addressed to persons of lower degree: a couple of rectors; a Justice of the King's Bench, who held, or had held offices under the prior and convent; a citizen of Lincoln and his wife; a draper of York and his wife. Some of the grantees are specially noted as having been benefactors to the cell of Coldingham, the cell of Finchale, or Durham College, Oxford.

A few of these letters have been printed in the last

* Hist. MSS. Comm. *Earl of Ancaster's Manuscripts*, p. 482.]

two volumes noted at the head of this article. They were addressed to :

John de Warenne, earl of Surrey, (1315); Dame Joan Byngnam (1394); George Dunbar, earl of the East March in Scotland, and Christiana his wife (1418); Thomas, duke of Exeter, son of John of Gaunt (1426); David Home of Wedderburn, bailiff of the cell of Coldingham (1433); Henry Wardlaw, bishop of St. Andrews (1439); Sir William Edmundson and Mary countess of Angus, his wife (1440); John Loury, a Scottish unbeneficed priest (1447); Anne, duchess of Gloucester (1475); Empson and Dudley, the notorious ministers of Henry VII (1508). Two of these letters are stated to have been granted at the request of the grantees; those to John de Warenne and the bishop of St. Andrews. There is another letter, incomplete and therefore undated, by which Henry VII himself was granted participation in good works, together with daily special suffrages during life and after death. All of these letters save the last have the rubric *littera fraternitatis* whilst that of Henry VII has that of *littera participationis*.

This is a convenient place for noticing an article written by the late Mr. Edmund Bishop in the *Downside Review* for January 1885. In that article he refers to six letters in what is known as the *Durham Letter Book*,* saying that they "are evidently intended as precedents for letters of this kind issued during the priorship of William de Tanfield (1309-1313);† the first three are letters of fraternity properly speaking, that is grants to persons who had petitioned for such admission . . . the other three are merely concessions made *mero motu conventus* of a share in good works without question of fraternity". It is quite impossible to follow Bishop here. The first five of these six letters have the same marginal heading *Littera fraternitatis*; the sixth, it is true, has the heading *Participatio bonorum spiritualium*; but the letter states that the grant was made to one Roger Maundell *by his desire and on his petition*. It is obvious

* British Museum. Cott. MS. *Faustina*. A. vi, 37b.

† There must be something wrong about the latter date, as the second letter, that to John de Warenne, was not issued till 1315.

that Bishop's distinction receives no support from these letters and, though one is inclined to think that a large proportion of the Durham letters were granted *motu proprio* by the prior and convent, evidence has yet to be produced that "fraternity" differed from "mere participation" among the Black Monks.

The Durham books suggest that great discrimination was shown in regard to those to whom fraternity was conceded. There is nothing to suggest any similarity between the practice at Durham and what Ulric tells us of Cluny. At Hyde, on the other hand, one is inclined to think there was a greater mixture of classes, at any rate in the last forty years of the abbey's real existence; during the reigns that is of Abbots Richard Hall (1488-1590), and Richard Romsey (1509-1529).^{*} The number of persons granted fraternity was 441; and among them we find an archdeacon of Surrey, a master of Winchester College, a Carthusian monk, an abbeß of St. Mary Winton, four nuns of Winton, five servants of Cardinal Wolsey, who in April 1529 became perpetual administrator of the diocese of Winchester, a woman recluse at Salisbury, a glazier, and two bakers. But all said and done we know very little about the customs of the English Benedictines; no valid generalization is possible, and this is equally true of the canons regular.

There is no space to deal adequately with the friars, with hospitals, with gilds, or with nuns; but before passing on, it may be worth while to give a couple of examples of grants made by a cathedral, that of Exeter. In a document by which the chapter made a grant of a pension to one Richard Briwere, it is mentioned incidentally that the grantee had been admitted to fraternity at the request of Bishop John, i.e. between 1186 and 1191.[†] And in 1315 the dean and chapter made an ordinance admitting to the fraternity of their church, King Edward II, Isabella his queen, and their children.[‡]

^{*} Romsey's successor, John Salcott (1530-1538), was a king's man and may be ignored.

[†] Hist. MSS. Comm. *Report on MSS. in Various Collections*. Vol. iv., p. 56.

[‡] *Ibid.*, p. 75.

So far our attention has been confined to fraternity granted by a single house; but in medieval times there was nothing to prevent an individual having confraternity with two, three, or indeed many houses. In the case of an order with central government, fraternity might be granted with a single house, with all the houses of a province, or with all the houses of the order; and examples of multiple admissions may be found in the Premonstratensian documents brought together by Cardinal Gasquet.* But multiple grants were not confined to "orders" strictly so called; they were also made by the English Black Monks and Black Canons. In the general chapter of the former for the province of Canterbury held at Northampton in 1225, it was decided that those who sought the fraternity of the chapter should be admitted to participate in the spiritual goods of the monasteries.† Again in the chapter of the same province, held at Northampton in 1298, one John Giffard, Margaret his wife, Matilda his late wife, then dead, and his children, were granted participation in the masses of all the monasteries of the province, and it was ordered that anniversaries should be made for the deceased wife, and similiar anniversaries for the rest of the family when dead, and further that their names should be entered in the *Martyrology* of each house.‡ So the general chapter of the Black Canons held at Newstead in 1356 received Henry duke of Lancaster and another into fraternity, and ordered that their names should be inscribed in the books of the various monasteries of the order; so at the chapter held at Northampton in 1437, Robert Nevill, bishop of Salisbury, and Thomas Faux, rector of St. Brides' in the city of London, were received into the fraternity of all the houses of the order; and again at the chapter held at Leicester in 1508, Henry VIII, Queen Katherine, the Princess Mary, Cardinal Wolsey, the king's sister, Mary dowager queen of France, and her second husband, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, were with many others

* Royal Historical Society, Camden Third Series, *Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia*. Vol. i, pp. 171, 176.

† R. Hist. Soc., Camden Third Series, Vol. XV (*Chapters of English Black Monks*), p. 20.

‡ Ibid. p. 137.

received as brothers and sisters of the order.* But perhaps the most striking example was a simultaneous grant of participation in their good works made in 1310 by nine monasteries belonging to four different orders, to all who should contribute to the fabric of Exeter Cathedral, the grant, however, being limited to those who were penitent and shriven. These grants were made in the same terms by the Cistercian abbeys of Buckland, Buckfast, and Newenham; the Premonstratensian abbey of Torre; the priory of Black Canons at Bodmin; and the four Benedictine cells of Exeter, Modbury, Totnes, and Tywardreath.† And as an example of an individual multiple beneficiary, Marie de St. Paul, countess of Pembroke and foundress of Pembroke College, Cambridge, may be cited; this lady directed in her will that every religious house, abbey or priory, into which she had been received was to have some relic, image, or vestment as a memento of her, together with such letters of their respective chapters as could be found.‡

There is one other point which should be noticed, and that is the mode of admission. On this, as on others, there has been inexcusable generalization. We know that in the eleventh century at Cluny, when Ulric wrote, petitioners were received in the chapter house; an instance of this being done in the same century at Reichenau has been referred to already; and forms for so doing are provided in the fourteenth century *Customal* of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. But in this Canterbury book there is also given a form for a letter of fraternity, and a similar form is given in the Westminster *Customal*.§ So far as Durham goes, we only read of letters of fraternity; had there been any form of reception by the chapter, Raine would probably have mentioned it. From what we do know, little as it is, it may, I think, be legitimately inferred that, at any rate in the case of the Black Monks

* For these examples of grants by the Black Canons see Salter, *Chapters of the Augustinian Canons* (Oxford Historical Society), pp. 62, 177, 143.

† Hist. MSS. Comm. *Various Coll.*, iv. 75.

‡ Sharpe, *Calendar of Willsproved and enrolled in the Court of Husting London*. (London, 1889), ii, 195.

§ *Customary of the Benedictine Monasteries of St. Augustine Canterbury and St. Peter Westminster* (Henry Bradshaw Society, 1902). Vol. i pp. 1 and 292 ss. for Canterbury, and ii, 23 for Westminster.

and Black Canons, grants were always made by the whole chapter.

It may be asked what exactly the grant was and what it implied. It is easier to answer the first question than the second. The grant itself when stripped of unnecessary verbiage, consisted of a reception of the grantee to participation in the merits of all the good works done by the monks, sometimes spoken of as spiritual goods, sometimes as *beneficia*, and sometimes enumerated at greater or less length—masses, offices in choir, vigils, fastings, etc. This was the one and essential thing; but to it might be added a promise of special suffrages after death. Ulric of Cluny tells us that in that abbey it was the custom to do for a confrater what was ordinarily done for a monk in one of their cells, with the exception that a mass was not said by every priest, whilst on the other hand a certain number of poor people were fed; the actual suffrages were considerable; and it must be noted that no distinction seems to have been drawn between rich and poor. That was in the eleventh century; and in the same century the monks of Durham received into fraternity Malcolm, king of Scots, and St. Margaret his wife, with a promise that after the death of each of them, thirty-two full offices of the dead should be done in the convent, that each priest should sing thirty masses for them; and that those of the monks who were not priests should each say ten psalters.* In later Durham letters of fraternity we find promises of suffrages as for (1) "a monk"; (2) "other brothers and sisters"; (3) "benefactors"; and (4) "other spiritual confraters". There is no evidence known to me indicating any difference between the various categories, and Raine says quite simply that for a deceased confrater the same suffrages were made as for a monk. It may be of interest to add that a promise of prayers as for a member of the community was made in letters of fraternity granted by the abbess and community of Syon abbey; the form was entered in their constitutions and has con-

* *Liber Vitae* (Surtees Society), Introduction, xix, xx.

† *The Durham Obituary Rolls* (Surtees Society), p. 106.

tinued in use to the present day.* So far as I am aware there is no evidence that confraters were regarded as, in any sense, members of the monastic family; and when it is remembered that monks of other houses, monks of other orders, bishops, nuns, and in one case, it is said, a pope, Innocent III, were numbered among the confraters of English monasteries, it is difficult to believe that any such connexion existed, though undoubtedly there was a closer tie between the community and a confrater than between the community and the man in the street. It is true that Raine, who had an intimate knowledge of the Durham registers, says that in that house a confrater was always spoken of as a brother; but a glance at the examples of the use of this word in medieval times given in the *New English Dictionary* must convince anyone that too great stress should not be laid upon the term.

Two or three minor points must be noticed before passing on to modern times. First of all the custom of granting fraternity to a monastic or ecclesiastical community was extended to lay societies certainly not later than the twelfth century in England. In the year 1125, the Cnihtengild made over all or some of its land to the prior and canons regular of Holy Trinity in the city of London, and in return all its members were received into fraternity; † and about the same time the Benedictine monks of Ramsey received into perpetual fraternity the members of another gild.‡ Again a donor might be granted fraternity, not only for himself, but for others; e.g. in 1081 a benefactor was granted by the abbot and convent of Ramsey fraternity for himself, his wife, whichever of his sons should be his heir, and his parents, also for the king, William, the queen, Matilda, and the king's son Robert. Not only too might fraternity be granted to those still living, but also to the dead. This was explicitly declared at the general chapter of the English Benedictines of the province of Canterbury in 1225.§ But there is an earlier instance: when the Cnihtengild was received into fraternity by the canons of Holy

* For this information I am indebted to the Very Rev. John Fletcher, Canon of Southwark.

† Round, *Communes of London*, p. 104.

‡ Ibid. in footnote.

§ *Chapters of English Black Monks* (R. Hist. Soc.), p. 20.

Trinity, participation was granted not only to the existing members, but to all their predecessors! A curious example is that of a priest, one Roger de Creton, who, in 1348, bequeathed certain tenements to the prior and canons regular of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, in order that he might partake of all their spiritual goods and those of their successors.* The testator evidently thought that fraternity could be purchased, and according to Prebendary Clark-Maxwell this was certainly the case with hospitals and gilds; the latter, indeed, were quite prepared to sell their fraternity for very small sums. The smallest charge he has come across was that of one penny for a man and his wife, made by an Italian gild of our Lady of Ransom (*de mercede*) which circulated letters of fraternity in England.

But all said and done, there is perhaps not so very much to choose between them and the old religious orders in the later Middle Ages. It can hardly be doubted that the latter had a keen eye to the main chance, when we find Durham granting letters of fraternity to Empson and Dudley, and later to officials of the household of Henry VIII; Hyde to five of Wolsey's servants in the year that their master was made perpetual administrator of Winchester; and Christ Church Canterbury to Sir Thomas More, in 1530 *after* he had been made chancellor.†

Since the Reformation the custom has fallen into desuetude with some orders; e.g. the Carthusians, the Canons of the Holy Cross, and the Hermits of St. Augustine. But Benedictines and Premonstratensians have kept up the old practice with modifications, and the Bridgettine nuns still grant their old letter of fraternity on occasion. The Premonstratensian canons claim, I believe, that their "third order" was instituted by their founder, St. Norbert, himself. Such notices as I have found would appear to be of quite ordinary letters of fraternity during the Middle Ages; early in the seventeenth century, however, confraternities of *fratres ad succurendum* were grouped round some of their abbeys. Le Paige gives an account of such a

* Sharpe. *Op. cit.*, i, 531.

† Hist. MSS. Comm. *Report IX*, 21.

confraternity connected with the abbey of St. Michael in Antwerp, together with the rite of admission to participation in spiritual goods. There is no mention of a noviciate, but a rule of life is laid down; a considerable number of *Paters* and *Aves* and twice the *Credo* every day; Holy Communion seven times a year on fixed dates; abstinence during the whole of Advent; and fasting on every Friday in the year. These confraternities appear to have almost died out; but in the first half of the eighteenth century they were revived with success in Bavaria and developed into a fully fledged third order. Benedict XIV, in 1740, by brief granted a new rule which included a noviciate and modified the austerities. This third order differs from the third orders of the mendicants, in that every member is attached to some particular abbey of which he or she is still called a *frater*, or *soror*, *ad succurendum*.

About a century and a half later a similar institute was established among the Benedictines under the style of "secular oblates". It is not easy to get precise details as to its origin, but it appears to have been started about the year 1880, in connexion with the centenary of St. Benedict. Its originators appear to have been the Subiaco congregation; itself formed in 1872 of abbeys which had seceded from the old Cassinese congregation. At the end of 1890, statutes for the new institution were approved for ten years by the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. In 1895 in answer to a *dubium* submitted by the abbot of Afflighem, it was decided that secular oblates were to be regarded in the same light as tertiaries of other orders. In 1898 Leo XIII, in view of the decision that no one could belong to two third orders at the same time, granted secular oblates, indulgences, papal blessings, and general absolutions similar to the grants made to tertiaries of the mendicant orders. The ten years' term of approbation expired in 1900; but as Leo XIII had extended to all Benedictine congregations the privileges enjoyed by that of Subiaco, the statutes were modified with the view to their being adopted by the whole order, as the abbot primate stated in his petition to the Sacred Congregation for final

approval. This was granted by a decree of Pius X in 1904.

The reason given for not calling this new institute the Benedictine third order, is that St. Benedict only wrote one rule and therefore there *could* be no Benedictine "third" order. This explanation is not very satisfying; there is only one rule of St. Augustine, and yet neither the Hermits of St. Augustine nor the Premonstratensian canons, who have that rule, find any difficulty in having a "third" order. In fact "tertiary" is now a well-recognized term for the lay associates of certain great orders, and it is pure pedantry to avoid its use. The term "oblate" was, it appears to an outsider, a most unfortunate selection; for that term has had a perfectly well-defined meaning since the end of the eleventh century, when Urban II approved the custom of receiving into monasteries as inmates, men who, though not bound by vows, had renounced their property and wished to live the common life under obedience.* The explanation given is, I understand, that the modern institute is an extension of that which has existed in the Church for eight centuries; an explanation which suggests the idea that some day we may also hear of "secular monks"! The choice of name was certainly an unhappy one; for, in a perhaps natural desire to throw the glamour of antiquity over a quite new institution, history has been played with; to give one example, not only in oblate Manuals but also in a recent C.T.S. publication, Bl. Thomas More is spoken of as an oblate of Christ Church, Canterbury, a designation which would undoubtedly have tickled his sense of humour!

In one way the oblate does differ from members of the old third orders. Father Bede Jarrett, writing in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, says that "third orders signify in general lay members of religious orders, i.e. men and women who do not necessarily live in community, and yet can claim to wear the habit and participate in the good works of some great order". This is clear and definite, but it is not easy to determine what an oblate really is. From a careful study of half a dozen Manuals

* Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, cli. Col. 336.

and information given me by monks of four different congregations I gather that he is not regarded in any sense as a member of the Benedictine order; not even as an honorary Benedictine, the name given by Abbot Guéranger to Mme Swetchine, and other benefactors of Solesmes!

The Maredsous *Manual* says that the advantages gained by the oblate are two in number; the acquisition of indulgences, and participation in the good works of the monks. To become an oblate it is necessary to pass a period of postulancy and a year's noviciate before acquiring participation. But Benedict XIV granted to all who habitually carry the Benedictine medal and pray for the increase of the Benedictine order, participation in the good works of *all* Benedictine monasteries; and the members of the arch-confraternity of the Precious Blood established in the church of St. Nicholas-in-Carcere in Rome or any one of its affiliations, e.g. that established in the London Oratory, participate in the good works of *every* religious institute throughout the world, Benedictine or other, to say nothing of numerous indulgences, and that with no obligation other than that of inscription. In view of this, what is required of a candidate for oblature seems to be on a par with taking a Nasmyth hammer to crack a filbert.

The Jesuit Father Joseph Hilgers, writing in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, says: "To associate the faithful who were not oblates of St. Benedict in a certain measure with the Benedictine order, a confraternity of St. Benedict was founded in the second half of the nineteenth century at first by the English congregation. Reception is effected by the enrolment of the members and investment with a small blessed scapular of black cloth."* So far as the English congregation is concerned no statement could be much more erroneous; for the English confraternity of the Benedictine Scapular has been in existence for three centuries.

The English congregation was established in 1619, and twenty years later, in 1639, "A.B." a monk belonging to it, published a small volume entitled *A short Treatise*

* *Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. "Scapular".

*touching the confraternitie of the Scapular of St. Benedict.**

The letter of fraternity printed therein is a lengthy document obviously founded on the form of letter used by the Spanish congregation;† the operative words being: "Through powers granted by the Apostolic See and our general chapter we do make you partaker of all the graces and merits of our order admitting and accepting of you into the number of our brethren and benefactors, communicating unto you freely and willingly from our hearts the participation and enjoying of all suffrages . . . and good works whatsoever . . . now in your lifetime and after when God do call you out of this world unto His mercy." This was made conditional on the grantee wearing a small black scapular, and making a nightly examination of conscience, to be followed by *Pater* and *Ave* thrice and once the *Credo* for the exaltation and triumph of Holy Church. The imposition of these conditions differentiates this letter of fraternity from those of medieval days; and possibly may have been suggested by the rules of the Premonstratensian confraternities. The wearing of the small scapular was of comparatively recent origin. The origin of the custom is, by general consent, attributed to the Carmelites, and Father Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. has shown that the earliest known instances belongs to the year 1570.‡ As for the prescribed prayers; indulgences were granted to the confraters of the Spanish congregation by Gregory XIII in 1580 for those prayers minus the *Credo*, which tends to confirm the Spanish origin of the letter. The interpretation of the word "order" where one would have expected "congregation" must be left to experts.

* For this information I am indebted to the Very Rev. Dom Stephen Marron, D.D., O.S.B., prior of Woolhampton, who with great kindness not only sent me (a perfect stranger to him) particulars of the book, but also a transcript of the lengthy letter of fraternity contained in it. Dom Hugh Connolly, O.S.B., of Downside, tells me that no doubt "A.B." was Dom Anthony Batt.

† See the article by Dom Hugh Connolly in the *Downside Review* for May 1931 on Ven. Anne of Jesus, to whom a letter of fraternity was given by the Spanish congregation in 1610. The original of this letter is lost, but Dom Connolly prints a French translation from the Spanish, and an English translation from the French.

‡ *Analecta Carmelitarum Discalceatorum* t. ii; article *De Sacro Scapulari Carmelitano*.

With slight verbal changes, made in later times to modernize the language, this letter continued in force till the abolition of the old constitution of the English congregation and the establishment of independent abbeys some thirty years ago. At the present day Ampleforth and Belmont use a form of letter which is a modification of it; the chief variations being: (1) the grantee is received into the number of their "associates" and benefactors instead of as before "brethren" and benefactors; (2) he is made partaker of the good works, etc., of the particular monastery and of "the whole Benedictine order"; (3) in return for the privileges granted he is required to undertake faithfully (a) to wear the scapular; (b) to perform certain specified works of piety; and (c) "by prayer or alms, work or word, to further the interests of the order and the monastery". Fort Augustus has two classes, oblates and great benefactors; the latter receiving a grant of participation by a document known as *Litterae Charitatis*. Downside also has two classes: confraters, a style limited to great benefactors, and members of the confraternity of the scapular; for the latter somewhere between 1906 and 1920 a much shorter form of letter was substituted for the old one embodying the usual operative words and concluding with the words "on your part you shall grant to us a participation in those good things which God has granted to you to perform"; members of the confraternity are required to say certain prayers daily.

Neither the institute of secular oblates nor the confraternity conforms to medieval practice so far as it is known to us; one and the other approaches more nearly to the mendicant third order. There is, however, another order which still follows medieval custom exactly; that of the Canons Regular of the Lateran. Their "letter of participation" which is given by the abbot-general *motu proprio*, not only grants participation in good works, but promises suffrages after death. The letter is very rarely granted: formerly the abbot-general received formal permission from the general chapter to grant a certain number of letters during his period of office—in one case two in four years! But though

the "letter of participation" is indistinguishable from a medieval "letter of fraternity", it is not regarded as a grant of fraternity or of affiliation; fraternity and affiliation being reserved for oblates or donats.* And so this interesting survival of medieval days is really beyond the scope of this article: but it serves as a warning against generalization on insufficient data, such for instance as we find in Taunton's *English Black Monks*.

EGERTON BECK.

P.S. Since the above was written two interesting items have come to hand: (1) Canon Fletcher kindly sent me a note of a will proved in the Court of Hustings, London, in 1447, by which Sir William Estfeld, citizen and mercer, bequeathed a cask apiece of red Gascony wine, or its value, to St. Alban's abbey, Christ Church, Canterbury, the London charterhouse, the canons regular of Walsingham, and Sapwell nunnery; he being a capitular brother of each of these five houses. (2) Dom Louis Gougaud, with like kindness, called my attention to an article by Miss Margaret Stokes, in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*,† dealing with an early chronicle of the Witham charterhouse, the author of which was a contemporary of Master Adam, who died in 1213. In this chronicle it is noted that Hubert Walter, archbishop of Canterbury (1193-1205), when on a visit to Witham was admitted to the fraternity of the prior and convent.

E. B.

* These facts were kindly supplied by Abbot Smith, D.D., C.R.L., of Stroud Green.

† Vol. xvi (1932) pp. 482ff.

ART. 6.—BERGSON, KIERKEGAARD, AND MYSTICISM

1. *Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion.* Par Henri Bergson. (Felix Alcan.)
2. *Traité du Désespoir.* Par Sören Kierkegaard. (N.R.F.)

"Eternity is in love with the productions of time."—WILLIAM BLAKE.

THERE are certain works, so clear, so sufficient and of such virtue that the best commentary and the truest criticism is quotation. Such in our opinion is the last work of Bergson that so magnificently crowns the edifice of which *Time and Free Will* was the monumental foundation, *Matter and Memory* the corner stone.

When Bergson's first book appeared (in 1889) Western thought, despite the timid protestations of William James and a few others, was dominated by the narrowest materialist outlook and by the most limited mechanistic conceptions. It is difficult, nowadays, to realize what a veritable liberation Bergson's ideas brought with them, and the salutary reaction which followed, against the doctrines of Hume, James and Stuart Mill, of Comte and Taine, of Herbert Spencer and Thomas Huxley. It was really a new "method of thinking" that Bergson revealed with his "intuition of duration".

Until then philosophers had placed *space* and *time* on the same plane. Alone among them the Danish mystic Kierkegaard*—whose work is only just becoming known outside his own country—had opposed to the fictive and spatial time of mathematicians true *duration*, the source of the soul's emotion in which God is realized. Sören Kierkegaard divides men according to their understanding of time; for to him time has an almost substantial meaning: duration and becoming belong to man just as to God, eternity outside time and existence.† To

* Sören Kierkegaard (1813-1855): for an account of his life and opinions see *Sören Kierkegaard*, by Theodor Haecker, translated with an introduction by A. Dru. Sheed & Ward.

† As we find in Florio's Montaigne: "One really being, which by one only *Now* and *Present* fillethe the *Ever*, and there is nothing that truly is but He alone."

the aesthete time is but a succession of moments, unconnected and "filled in with emptiness"; to the philosopher time is continuous though without *decisions*. But to the religious man it is the "fullness of time", time and eternity is the *instant*. "Eternal truth is broken in a thousand ways by the creaturely medium of time and is only gathered together, so to speak, in the process of becoming by the help of subjectivity, of spirit."^{*} It is in the anxiety of the "instant" that man comprehends God. For anguish and anxiety are the gates through which silence enters into us, penetrates and impregnates our lives. The silence in which is heard the heartbeat of existence, the pulse of creation; and deeper still, the soul alone with the soul, perceiving and knowing itself. A silence which holds within it a time more pure and more substantial than the time of philosophers and savants.

The moment comes when we must break with the past without hesitation, throw off the old man and not look back; that is "the instant", the supreme choice, the enduring resolution, the moment that lasts for ever. It is then that the soul, open and "seeking for some enormous, inexhaustible and eternal good" on the confines of two worlds, plunges and with a leap into the irremissible destiny, cuts the Gordian knot of its desires. Trouble, hesitation, procrastination are so many betrayals and threats of defeat.

Like Kierkegaard, Bergson speaks the language, not of the mystic, but of the philosopher. Yet his philosophy seems to imply adhesion to certain truths of a mystical nature, like a projection of certain higher visions on to the plane of ethics, cosmogony, logic and psychology.

Now, starting with the idea of duration, *heterogeneous* qualitative and creative time, Bergson's argument against a mechanistic interpretation of biology was that it in no way explained "how it was that life unfolds a history, a succession where there is no repetition, where

* In the course of a recent conversation, M. Henri Bergson told me that twenty years ago Harald Höffding, the Danish philosopher, had pointed out to him the affinities between his conception of time and that of Kierkegaard. The above quotations are taken from *Der Begriff der Wahrheit bei Sören Kierkegaard* by Theodor Haecker.

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each moment is unique and bears in it a figure of all the past", and he added: "Whoever grasps again the intuitions of duration can never more believe in universal mechanism; for on the mechanistic basis, time becomes useless and even impossible."

Moreover, for the author of *Creative Evolution* a veritable "original sin" was committed when "intelligence" was allowed to replace instinct which is so much nearer life. "If conscience, which slumbers in instinct revealed itself, if it were turned inward upon itself in knowledge instead of expressing itself outwardly in action, if we knew how to interrogate it, it would reveal to us the most intimate secrets of life."

Now there is a certain analogy between instinct and intuition. Intuition is a disinterested instinct. Intelligence, abstract and dialectic, is precious to man in his struggle against nature, but it can become dangerous to society in teaching the individual to serve only his own interests and primitive religion, by means of its fables, its mythologies and dogmas, fights against egoism and disorganization, and thus brings a defensive reaction and a correction of nature against intelligence. Starting from the "intentions" of nature relative to the destiny of our species, M. Bergson, in the second chapter "Static religion", measures the results which have been obtained by those whom we call *primitive*, and those who call themselves civilized. They are both contemporary. But if the savages, the so-called "primitives" are no younger than we are, still it would be true to say that they have not aged so well. The imagination, the constructor of fables, life's safeguards against the intelligence, has in their case turned into *caricature*. Their prayers and sacrifices attain to little more than an invocation of elementary powers. But we civilized people run an equal danger of not knowing how to age. Mysticism might have taken advantage of the development of machines which have liberated man from the cares of the world.

Bergson proclaims that in order to redeem itself, humanity must work at delivering itself from the clutches of practical interest which are brought in the train of exterior and material life. Far from introducing into

us a foreign element *l'êlan vital*, the jet of life "restores to us the sense of a universal communion and an intimate joy", each of us belonging as much to society as to himself. Since mankind has "conceived, proved and practised the love of each for all, pure and universal charity, it is because to the pressure of closed societies and groups, there has been opposed the edifying influence of heroes who have said or done that which no one before them had expressed. What is simple to our understanding is not necessarily so to our will. There where logic tells us that a certain road is shortest, experience steps in and tells us that in that direction there is no path at all. The truth is that one must pass through heroism to arrive at love." And Bergson adds that "*the will has its genius no less than the intelligence*".

The work of Bergson is like those galleries which, without preconceived action nor accepted plan, miners tunnel on each side of a mountain, suddenly to discover that all their efforts converge upon the same point. Bergson has always tried to approach each problem of philosophy in an entirely new way, free from all prejudice ; it is therefore curious to observe to what extent all his works are in concordance.

"*Les Deux Sources*" appearing twenty-five years after "*L'évolution créatrice*" are in a sense the natural sequence to that epic of the *êlan vital*. And it may be said that Bergson's last work, the keystone to all his past work, is the most magnificent apology of Christian mysticism ever published by a philosopher, foreign to Christianity by his origins. For it is well known that the author of *Matter and Memory* was born of Anglo-Jewish parents and that one of his ancestors even belonged to those mystic Israelite sects of Central Europe called "*Hassidim*" upon which Jean de Menasce has thrown so much light in his recent work entitled *Quand Israël Aime Dieu*.

Some years ago Bergson affirmed that his "philosophy led to the idea of a free and creative God".*

* In 1912 Bergson wrote to Father de Tonquédec: "I speak of God as the *source* whence issue successively, by an effort of His freedom, the currents or impulses each of which will make a world; He therefore remains distinct from them, and it is not of Him that we can say that 'most often it turns aside', or is at the mercy of materiality that it has been bound to adopt."

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And, more recently still, before he was overtaken by an illness which makes his existence that of a veritable ascetic, the philosopher said, when on one of his last appearances he took leave of his friends: "I have taught for years that the soul has the power to dominate the body; I am going to furnish experimental proof." And by the creation of his latest work, Henri Bergson has doubly fulfilled his promise.

Although less intense and brilliant than it was twenty years ago, the reputation of Bergson has remained constant and his influence has made itself felt in the most different spheres in his own country and abroad. And so it is that in France, men as different as MM. Leroy, Chevalier, Gillouin and Thibaudet,* while in England among those who have suffered his influence are men of such widely different tendencies as H. S. Haldane, G. B. Shaw, and A. D. Lindsay. To Charles Péguy, Bergsonian philosophy being the first which went straight to the problem of matter and memory as to the two poles of the profoundest question, it was evident "what a tremendous command it has given us over the central difficulties of the problem of grace which is without doubt the most profound Christian problem".

Taking up again his favourite theses, Bergson shows that morals comprehend two distinct parts. In the one, the first, "obligation represents the force which the elements of society exercise upon one another so as to maintain the force of this whole". In the second, "obligation is the force of an *aspiration* or of an *élan* or driving power, the same *élan* which has ended in the human race". The first ethic is comparatively easy to formulate, but not the second. "Our intelligence, as also our language, have in fact to do with things; they are less at ease when they have to represent transitions or progress." The "choc", the great event in Bergson's spiritual existence, seems to have been the discovery of the Christ of the *Gospels*, and in particular the *Sermon on the Mount*.

"The ethic of the *Gospels* is essentially that of the

* Father Sertillanges, O.P., has recently published in *La Vie Intellectuelle* two articles in praise of Bergson, though with certain reservations.

open soul. It has been said that it is on the brink of paradox. But the paradox vanishes, the contradiction disappears if the intention of those maxims is considered, which is to induce a state of mind." Compare the ethic of the Stoics with that of Christianity. "There were almost the same words, but they found no echo because they were not said with the same accent." The stoic, in other words, is only a philosopher. It is the mystic, the hero, or the saint, not the philosopher who carries men away! And the German philosopher Hamann, when emphasizing the greater importance of accent and intonation, quotes the words of Jesus: "not to meditate before how you shall answer."

Alone in Hellenic Antiquity, the living example and tradition of Socrates—which often contradicts his dialectic, such as Plato and Xenophone have preserved it for us, alone his mystic character, through his religious obedience to his *daemon*, his sacrifice and his martyrdom, seem to announce and prefigure the Word and the Crucifixion of Jesus. The Socrates of Bergson is the precursor of Philo and Plotinus rather than of Plato.

To this opposition between static and dynamic thought, one could profitably compare the admirable parallel between logical and mystical expression which Jacques Maritain has recently drawn in a study of St. John of the Cross, where, trying to resolve the apparent discord between the Angelic Doctor and the poet of the Obscure Night, he showed that their divergences attach less to the meaning than to the intonation, the accent. "As to the language of mysticism," writes Maritain, "it is necessarily different from that of philosophy; hyperbole is no longer an ornament of rhetoric, but a rigorously necessary means of expression."*

And so can be explained the failure of all purely intellectualist ethics, that is to say of the philosophy of duty. A pure idea could only influence our will effectively if it could be alone.

That reason is the distinctive mark of man no one can deny, but it remains to be explained how it makes itself

* See J. Maritain. "St. Jean de la Croix, théoricien de la contemplation"—*Etudes Carmélitaines*.

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obeyed. "It is because behind it there are men who have made humanity divine. It is they who draw us to an ideal society." Far from despising intelligence, Bergson wishes to establish a distinction between dynamic intelligence and the merely dialectical faculty, static and fixed on the plane of language in the system of Aristotelian concepts. To him the essential marks of the first are "the taste for action, the faculty of adapting and readapting oneself to circumstances, firmness wedded to suppleness, a practical discernment of possible and impossible, the spirit of simplicity which triumphs over complications, in a word, a superior common sense". That "intellectual robustness" is found among the mystics "real, complete, acting" and particularly among "the great Christian mystics" founders of monasteries, and creators of orders: "Saint Paul, Saint Teresa, Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Francis, Joan of Arc and so many others."

Not that one must ignore the gnostics of pagan antiquity; but if a few—such as Plotinus, the inheritor of the oral tradition of Socrates—"dimly foresaw the promised land, it was not given to them to tread its soil". Bergson even doubts whether the Indian *Yoghis* has known a mysticism as rich and as perfect as that of Christendom. If the *Yoga* was "according to the time and the place, a popular form of mystical contemplation", the chief preoccupation of the Hindoo is to evade life; and Brahminism holds that one is delivered by renunciation and absorption in the whole. Neither Buddhism nor Jainism have essentially modified this conception. The state into which they bring the soul is beyond happiness and suffering, beyond conscience. It is not that Buddhism ignores charity, for on the contrary it teaches it in the most elevated forms and joins example to precept. But it does not know, perhaps, "*that complete and mysterious gift of oneself*", and except for the ardent and sublime charity of a Ramakrishna and a Vivekananda, they themselves influenced by Christianity—they did not believe in the efficacy of human action; whereas the great Christian mystics—of whom the contemplatives of India and Pagan antiquity offer, as it were, an "anticipated

imitation"—the great Christian mystics, re-collecting themselves, so as to make a new effort, have broken a dike; a tremendous flux of life has seized them once again; and from this accrued vitality there disengages itself an energy, an audacity, a power of conception and realization far above the ordinary level.

On the supra-intellectual plane where the mystics unfold themselves, "the soul by the calm exaltation of all its faculties has great breadth of vision, and, however weak, great powers of realization. But, before all else the soul sees simply, and the simplicity that strikes one as much in word as in deed, guides her through the complications which she seems not even to perceive. An innate science, or rather an acquired innocence, suggests to her the most useful procedure, the decisive act, the unanswerable word."

"In truth the object of the great mystics is to transform mankind radically by first giving the example. The aim would have been reached only on the appearance of a divine humanity." And if the mystics are such, it is because they have chosen to be the imitators of the inimitable Christ. For at the origin of all Christian mysticism there is always Jesus Christ; and "those who have gone so far as to deny the existence of Christ cannot prevent the Sermon on the Mount from being in the Gospels with other divine sayings"; they cannot deprive that message and testimony of an author.

Henri Bergson does not hesitate to see in Jesus the continuator of the prophets of Israel, the seal, the Paraclete, the fulfilment of the millennium. And though one may hesitate in giving the name of mystics to the ancient rabbis, "if there were too little intimacy between Israel and his God, if Jahve were still too severe a judge", it is nevertheless true that it is from the Hebrew prophets that there sprang forth the mysticism which Bergson calls complete: that of the Christian mystics. For although "other waves carried certain souls to a state of contemplation", it is to pure contemplation that they arrived, and in order to cross the interval an *élan*, a driving force, was required which alone those prophets, anhungered after justice, could give to the saints: "an

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acting mysticism capable of marching to the conquest of the world".

To-day, menaced by the economic and political uncertainties threatening its future, and by a mechanism which far from freeing it enslaves it, humanity ought to undertake "to simplify its existence with the same frenzy which is brought to complicating it".

"Let a mystical genius arise and he will carry with him a humanity whose body has grown enormously, whose soul will be transfigured by him. He will want to make of it a new species, or rather deliver it from the necessity of being a species."

This work, one of the greatest and wisest among those conceived by philosophers, brings, perhaps, a message to the world which, if it were understood, might restore to us the meaning of the words of Jesus, "I have said : you are Gods."

GEORGES CATTAUL.

(Translated by A. DRU.)

ART. 7.—WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE

I

THE RIVAL KINGS

THE establishment of feudalism, with its accompanying ideals of knighthood, gave rise to an extraordinary outburst of song in Germany and other European countries. The earliest home of it was Provence, where its exponents took the name of Troubadours. The example of Provence was soon followed by other parts of France, including Normandy, and by Germany, where the singers were called Minnesingers (love singers), a name which connoted, perhaps, the original, but by no means the only field of their activities. Neither Troubadour nor Minnesinger confined himself to the love song. In Germany, with which alone we have here to do, Gottfried von Strassburg wrote "Tristan und Isolt", Wolfram von Eschenbach "Parzival", Hartmann von Aue "Iwein", and Parson Conrad a "Rolandslied", all romantic epics written by Minnesingers. Again, nearly all the Minnesingers at one time or other gave to the world moral tales, legends, or proverbial philosophy, while national or heroic epics like the Nibelungenlied, though the product of an earlier age, owe the form in which we know them to those same Minnesingers.

The most famous of them, Walther von der Vogelweide, owes his place, originally assigned to him by his contemporary, Gottfried von Strassburg, and not since disputed, to his love songs. We possess no epic, heroic or romantic, from him, and he very rarely turns to proverbial philosophy. To the mediaeval mind, his fame rested on his love songs. And yet as a Minnesinger, strictly so called, he had worthy and not greatly inferior rivals. It is in his songs on the ecclesiastical and political events taking place round him, to which his thoughts turned in maturer years, that he stands alone, not merely above his rivals, but without any rival at all. And it is in this field of activity that he has left a collection of poetical literature which, if it is not unique, at least belongs to what is

most astonishing and significant in the Middle Ages. It is this side of his work which will, to a modern, be most impressive.

He was born about the year 1160, and probably died about the year 1230. He belongs, therefore, entirely to the famous Hohenstaufen period, born during the reign of the Emperor Frederick ("the Old") Barbarossa, and dying in that of his grandson, Frederick II. It was an age of wars and rumours of wars, when the triumph of the Saracens seemed to threaten the very existence of Christendom from without, while, within its frontiers, the authority of the Church appeared to tremble in the balance. It was an age of bitter conflict between the Empire and the Papacy, and of fratricidal war between rival claimants of the Imperial crown. It was an age, too, of outstanding historical characters, of the great statesman, Pope Innocent III, of "the old" Barbarossa, the King Arthur of Germany, of his grandson, Frederick II, whom men called "Stupor Mundi", of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, our own paragon of heroic knighthood, of his enemy, the cultivated Leopold VI of Austria, and, to look outside Christendom, the age of the chivalrous Saladin. With both Leopold VI and Frederick II Walther was, at different times of his life, intimately connected, from one of his utterances it may be inferred as beyond doubt that he took advantage of Richard's enforced stay in Austria to make the acquaintance of that monarch, to whom also he probably owed his knowledge of the character of Saladin, and surely many an hour of his youth had been spent in contemplating the glory of Barbarossa, some of whose Italian expeditions may well have passed his home. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in addition to earning in early life the proud place of "leader" of the Minnesingers, he should, in his later years, have thought deeply on the ecclesiastical and political events taking place within his immediate ken, and given expression to his thoughts in song.

Very little is certainly known of his birth and early years. His German biographers seem to be agreed that he was of noble birth, belonging to the "dienstadel", i.e. that his father was a knight in the service of some great

lord—a sort of William of Deloraine—and that his home was undoubtedly a poor one. Where that home was, is uncertain—more than one place bearing the name of Vogelweide, and particularly one near Sterzing in Tirol, has been indicated as his birthplace. A monument erected at Bozen, in 1889, claims him as having been born in that neighbourhood; another, erected earlier, at Würzburg, claims him for East Franconia, and Austria, the Thurgau, and Switzerland have each been put forward as the land of his birth. Whether he was born at Bozen, in Austria, or in Franconia, he was German through and through, an ardent, almost intolerant, patriot. It is to his muse we owe the earliest, and perhaps the most impressive, “Deutschland über Alles”.

He probably spent all his earlier years at his poverty-stricken home of Vogelweide, or in the immediate neighbourhood. In or about the year 1180, he went, no doubt with suitable credentials, to the Viennese court, where Leopold VI of Babenberg was the reigning sovereign, and the court poet was Reinmar der Alte, the “Nightingale of Hagenau”, at that time the leading Minnesinger. It is easy to conceive that this accomplished singer, then at the height of his fame, exercised a lasting influence on the country youth of twenty. Walther says of himself that it was in Austria that he learned to sing. There, under the patronage of Leopold and his successor, Frederick the Catholic, he spent the next eighteen years, the happiest, as he himself more than once hints, of his life. Notwithstanding the character given to him by Sir Walter Scott, Leopold was a generous and intelligent patron of poetry and art, and the court of Vienna in his time ranked as the most cultured in Germany, perhaps in Europe. During his wanderings Walther more than once revisited it, and more than once expressed a longing to be settled there again. To this period most of his love songs are to be attributed.

Frederick the Catholic died in 1198, during a crusade in the Holy Land. His successor, Leopold VII was not favourably disposed towards Walther, and the stream of ducal bounty dried up. From the emphatic assertion, in one of Walther’s songs, that he bore no ill-will towards

Reinmar, it has been conjectured that the jealousy of the latter influenced Leopold's attitude, but it is nothing more than a conjecture. Before leaving Vienna the poet made an appeal to Leopold's generosity, which is worth quoting as an example of the tone a literary genius of that age saw fit to adopt towards a patron of literature :

To me is barred fair fortune's door,
 I, like an orphan, stand before ;
 It boots not me howe'er I knock thereon.
 Could any wonder greater be ?
 It rains on every side of me,
 But so that not a drop falls me upon.
 The Austrian prince's bounty, free,
 Around, like rain, falls gratefully ;
 The earth it cheers, it cheers mankind.
 A heath it is, in rarest beauty clad,
 Where men may cull of flowers most fair.
 Oh ! would his favour gather there
 One flower, its home with me find !
 Sweet vision, 'twould my song and me make glad.
 This lay shall him of me remind.

The reminder fell on deaf ears. Leopold remained obdurate, and from now onward, for more than twenty years, Walther was a wanderer. He wandered, as he says, from the Seine to the Mur, and from the Po to the Drave, spending longer or shorter periods at the courts of Philip of Swabia, Otto of Brunswick, the dukes of Bavaria and Carinthia, the Margrave Dietrich of Meissen, the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, at the last of which he took part in the famous contest of song, in 1207, when Wolfram von Eschenbach was adjudged the victor, now attached to the retinue of Bishop Wolfger of Passau, who, at Zeiselmauer in Lower Austria, gave him "5 long shillings" to buy himself a cloak, now in the guest house of the monastery of Tegernsee, where he ruefully records that he had nothing stronger than water to drink,* sometimes a despised guest (as he bitterly remembers) in the homes of more prosperous relatives, and time and again the victim of the discomforts or the grateful sharer in the

* The Monks had shortly before been forcibly deprived of their vineyard at Bozen.

pleasures of a German inn. Inspired by a fiery patriotism and devoutly religious, it is not surprising that his thoughts turned to the affairs of the Church and the Empire.

The aspect of those affairs had been vastly altered by recent events. The Emperor, Henry VI, the son of the great Barbarossa, had died in September 1197, a year before Frederick the Catholic, and while engaged in preparing for the crusade in which Frederick afterwards took part. Two candidates now claimed his kingly dignity and aspired to his imperial crown, his brother, Philip, Duke of Swabia, and Otto, Duke of Brunswick, son of Henry the Lion, and nephew of Richard of England, who supported his claim. At the beginning of the next year (1198), on the death of Pope Celestine III, the great statesman Pope, Innocent III ascended the chair of St. Peter. In Italy, in addition to the chronic fighting between the Emperor and the Free Cities of Lombardy, there had recently arisen another cause of war. Barbarossa had arranged the marriage of his son Henry to Constance, the orphan heiress of the Kingdom of Sicily, hoping thus to round off the dominions of the Empire in the peninsula. But the principal result had been to add to the theatre of war in Lombardy a fresh field of strife in Sicily, where the Norman barons tenaciously defended, against the German adventurers who followed Barbarossa, the territory their fathers had won from the Saracens. The conquest of this territory had, from the first, been eagerly supported by successive popes, and, prior to Henry's marriage to Constance, the redeemed kingdom had been held as a fief of the Holy See.

Another age-old subject of contention in Italy was the gift of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany. Shortly after the penance done, in the winter of 1077, by the Emperor Henry IV, at her castle of Canossa, Matilda had given the whole of her dominions to the Holy See. The Emperors never acquiesced in this gift, which was the occasion of ever-recurring strife, and the Pope, on his part, had to be continually on the watch to safeguard the rights of the Holy See.

Outside the frontiers of Europe, the Saracen conquest of Jerusalem had given a terrible shock to Christendom,

and one crusade after another was undertaken in the vain hope of recovering a kingdom and city which held the most sacred associations for all Christians.

This was the world to which, in the beginning of 1198, the most talented and devoted pope of the Middle Ages had to turn from the seclusion of his study.

And it was into this world that, in the same year, the leader of the Minnesingers had to fare forth as a wanderer from the ease and charm of the cultivated court of Vienna. No wonder his thoughts took an entirely new turn. This was no time to "sport with Amaryllis in the shade". The ardent patriot's attention was first claimed by the state of affairs in his native land. He did not hesitate as to which of the rival candidates for the kingly crown ought to have his support. Philip was the brother of the late emperor, and the son of Barbarossa. Otto was half a foreigner, and there was more than a suspicion that he had been put forward by a foreigner. Walther espoused the cause of Philip, and, on attaching himself to the following of that prince, gave utterance to his sentiments, and advice to his fellow countrymen, in two songs. In the first he reflects on the three things most to be desired—property, honour, and the grace of God—and decides that now, at any rate, it is not possible for one man to have all three. Peace and right, which should be their guides and guardians, are themselves sore wounded, falsehood lies in ambush, and violence holds the open road. This song obviously points to the evils already produced by civil strife. The second seems to show resentment at foreign interference in the kingly election :

A streamlet murmured in my ear ;
The fishes' path in water clear
I saw, and all on earth that was,
Forest and field, leaf, stem, and grass ;
Whatever creeps or flies I saw,
Whatever walks on earth below
Noted : and this my saw I give—
That free from hate not one doth live.
I say that beasts and reptiles all
In war contend, both great and small.

E'en fowls of air their place in life
Must hold by never-ending strife.
Each does the other bring to naught,
Grim doom to sternest end is brought.
Kings do they choose, and laws define,
To lords and churls their place assign.
Woe, then, Germanic race to thee,
What boots thy ordered harmony?
If even flies a King may have,
Oh! how canst thou thy honour save?
Turn thee! too overweening now
The coronet on prince's brow;
Too much the Kinglets press on thee;
On Philip place the Orphan, * his followers let them be.

The kinglets mentioned in the penultimate line may be the German princes, among whom Duke Bernard of Saxony was also a candidate for kingly honours. But it is not unreasonable, and entirely in keeping with Walther's fiery patriotism, to see in it a reference to foreign kings. There would be nothing incongruous in his calling Richard of England a kinglet, knowing, as he must have done, that one of the conditions of Richard's release by the Emperor Henry VI had been that he should hold England as a fief of the Empire.

Philip was elected king on the 6th of March, 1198. But Otto was not idle. He also procured his election, by the action of his Guelf partisans, in time to be anointed king at Aachen, by the Archbishop of Cologne, on the 12th of the ensuing July. The royal regalia were in Philip's possession. But Otto had the advantage of being recognized as king in the prescribed place, the imperial city of Charlemagne. Philip procured his coronation in the following September with the appropriate regalia, including the Orphan, but at Mainz, Aachen not being accessible.

Walther was present at this ceremony, and celebrated it in "The Guiding Star", which he probably sang before the assembled company. In this he draws attention to a fact which he says all could see, that the crown, though

* The Orphan was the most precious jewel in the German crown—unique, hence its name.

older than Philip, fitted him as if the goldsmith had made it especially for his imperial head, while the jewel (the Orphan) and the young man seemed each to confer an added brilliance on the other. He concludes by advising anyone who may be in doubt as to the kingship to note on whose neck the Orphan rests, "for that is the guiding star for all princes".

This heartfelt, but somewhat naïve, appeal failed of its object. The old Guelf and Ghibelline feud could still keep men at variance, private interests or private grudges weighed more with the German nobility than either patriotism or traditional sentiment, and the war, which had already commenced, went on.

His biographers have seen reason to doubt whether the poet was now, or at any time, officially recognized as a member of Philip's court. Obviously nothing about the court of a warring prince, liable to sudden and forced moves, could present the same solid, permanent appearance as in times of peace, and there would always be more time for the soldier than the minstrel. We know, also, that during this period Walther found plenty of time to pay prolonged visits, and even to regard himself as attached, to other courts, as that of the Landgrave Hermann at Eisenach, and the court of the Margrave of Meissen. The following humorous song, however, expresses his own views of his relation to Philip.

When from his Austria Frederick took his way,
His soul's health when he found, and dead his body lay,
My crane's gait, too, he carried underground.
Gently then walked I, as men may the peacock see ;
My head I hung right low, down, even to my knee.
Aloft, once more, its rightful pose I've found,
Once more a place beside the fire I've gained :
The realm, the crown, me to themselves to call have deigned.
Hail ! all who to the fiddle sport your feet !
Now I'm paid for woe that's o'er,
Firm my feet I place upon the floor,
Thence climb back to seemly self-conceit.

Evidently he regarded himself as having regained at Philip's court what he had lost at Vienna. It is interest-

ing to note the importance the poet assigns, here and elsewhere, to a place beside the fire, and that, even at a king's court, the Minnesinger's office extended, at times, to other things than love songs.

For some time fortune favoured Philip, and, to add to the effect of his success, he celebrated the Christmas of 1199, with great splendour, at Magdeburg, with his queen, Irene, the daughter of the Byzantine Emperor, Philip Angelus. Walther commemorates this in a triumphant song, in which he describes the stately entry into the church of the handsome Philip, uniting in his person the three characters of king, emperor's son, and emperor's brother, all under one kingly robe, bearing the kingdom's sceptre and crown, followed by his highborn queen, a rose without a thorn, a dove without gall. The magnificence was, he says, without its equal elsewhere. Thuringian and Saxon were there as vassals, the wise must have been well pleased.

The situation was indeed encouraging. Duke Bernard of Saxony, himself once a rival, is seen bearing the sword before Philip. Central Germany seemed solid for him, and Otto's influence almost confined to the North West. But the struggle went on, characterized by that mark of civil wars, the difficulty of foretelling where the fire would break out next. Walther saw his country, which, in the days of Barbarossa and Henry, had enjoyed a great measure of "ordered harmony", now everywhere devastated by civil war. From the first the Pope had done his utmost, by negotiation, to effect a settlement which would safeguard the rights of the Church. Obviously that must be his first care. The Hohenstaufen tradition had always been to further the supremacy of the Empire, and that an essentially German Empire, in which the Italian territories held a status somewhat resembling that of a conquered country. Philip no doubt inherited that tradition. Otto's attitude, on the other hand, was more accommodating. He had very little to lose, in comparison with Philip. In negotiations with the Holy See he was more complaisant.

Innocent III, who only became Pope in 1198, could not have originated the rivalry between these two princes.

The welfare of the Church was his sole interest, and in dealing with the two rivals, his main consideration must have been the question which would be most favourable to the Church. Walther, seeing only the calamities of his native land, and seeking for the cause, finds it in "the gift of Constantine",* and gives utterance to his thoughts in song :

In gifts did Constantine excel,
As now my lay to you will tell,
The Chair at Rome, Cross, Crown and Spear.
The Angel straight did loud complain :
"Oh woe ! Oh woe ! and woe again !
"To Christendom sole virtue once was dear :
"Poison foul now taints it all,
"Now the honey turns to gall :
"Soon on the world great woe will break."
Now princes count for honour high
Whate'er the highest weak will make ;
The Parsons' choice the blame must take.
Dear God, to Thee our plaint is due ;
Parsons the laymen guide awry,
Alas ! the angel's word was true.

In Walther's view, that is it. All the trouble is due to Constantine's gift. He ought not to have delivered to the Church the Crown and Spear, which are unquestionably symbols of earthly power. He does not blame the priests for exercising the power which is legitimately theirs. In his view it never ought to have been committed to them. They guide the people awry.

In 1201 Otto solemnly undertook to recognize Matilda's gift, and also, generally, the authority of the Pope. It is a comment upon the lamentable pass to which things had come, that it was necessary to exact either part of this undertaking, but especially the latter. Clearly Philip's replies had not even promised so much as this, and, in March of the same year, the Pope definitely gave his support to Otto, and excommunicated Philip. This was the only logical course to take. There could not be

* The titles here given to Walther's songs are the additions of, and vary with, the different editors of his works. They have no special authority. Another title for this song is "The Parson's Choice".

two kings, two inchoate emperors. If peace was to be gained, when one king was recognized, the other must withdraw. If he would not, it was right to do what was possible to put an end to civil strife. In consequence of his excommunication Philip lost a great many of his supporters.

The war, however, still went on, and to Walther the prospect was one of approaching ruin for all. He gave utterance to the bitterness of his soul in "The Empire's Need".

In spirit did I late survey
The parts my fellow-mortals play ;
In secret have I heard and seen
What human words and acts have been.
At Rome the stream of lies runs wide,
Two Kings in treachery have vied ;
Thence strife more dire than e'er arose,
Or shall, 'twixt past or future foes :
'Tween priest and flock love's bond departs,
Wild enmity inflames their hearts ;
Of all calamities most dread,
There lie both soul and body dead.
Grimly the priests the strife maintain,
'Gainst laymen's hordes the fight is vain.
Away the priests their weapons fling,
And to the stole once more they cling ;
Their curses whom they will pursue,
Not him on whom the ban is due ;
God's house fell sacrilege must bear.
Far in a cloister did I hear
Cries and laments of dark despair.
The cloistered monk, who sorrowed there,
To God bewailed the vengeance come ;
"Ah me ! too youthful is the Pope, Lord help thy Christendom."

This is no political rhodomontade. Nationalism, material interests, national or personal, have all sunk out of sight. Not here do we see the truculent Ghibelline or the poverty-stricken Minnesinger, only the deeply religious soul, who, in his survey of the world, is, rightly or wrongly, convinced that he sees the fate of Christendom

and of real religion, the only agency that can ultimately save either a nation or an individual, trembling in the balance. Though it was a mistake to ban Philip whose neck the Orphan still adorns, he is not now the faultless hero. Like his rival, he, too, has been guilty of treachery. The leaders of the Church have been found wanting, they have relied on carnal weapons. The Pope himself is too young. The one glimpse of light in the gloomy picture is the survival of real religion in the cloister.

To all men once in life, to some oftener, is given a time of illumination, when the facts and significance of life are seen without cloud or glamour. To some is added a further gift, the power to interpret to their fellow-men the meaning of the vision. This was for Walther a time of illumination—and of prophecy. This utterance alone entitles him to a place among the immortals. It may be a Jeremiad—a Jeremiad was due.

Two more of Walther's songs, which belong to this period, reflect the religious and social conditions of his country. In the shorter "Lament" he sees no hope for the Minnesinger.

Of what avail [he cries] is fair speech or poet's song, woman's beauty or virtue? None strives for joy, wrong is done without fear. Truth, generosity, and honour have vanished.

In the second, he expresses his conviction of the near approach of the Judgment Day, a day of wrath for Christian, Jew, and heathen alike.

Many of the signs [he says] have been seen. The sun has failed to give its light, the faithless on every side have cast their children into the way, the father finds his son untrue, brother lies to brother, the cloak of the priest, who should set men's feet on the way to heaven, covers a life of treachery, might is triumphant, and right is defeated at the judgment seat.

In the year 1204 the struggle took again a more favourable turn for Philip, and early in the next year he was able to be crowned at Aachen, thus acquiring the prestige of coronation in the imperial city.

Although Otto's power was broken for the time, and the

whole of Germany was apparently free to Philip, the ancient feud of Guelf and Ghibelline was by no means eradicated. Open war on a large scale ceased for the time, but it was only till fresh forces could be organized, and all the time the unhappy country was subject to that invariable accompaniment of civil war, the depredations of small armed bands, more truculent and undisciplined than any army. There was as yet nothing resembling a recognized central power, and, for many years to come, the country was doomed to be devastated by these warlike bands.

Four years after his coronation at Aachen, Philip visited the imperial and episcopal city of Bamberg. He was there murdered by the Palgrave, Otto of Wittelsbach. No suspicion of complicity in this crime attaches to King Otto, who, indeed, took steps to have the murderer taken and executed.

Otto was now the sole king of Germany, without a rival for the Imperial throne. The young Frederick, son of Henry VI, was only fifteen years old, and, for the present, no claim was put forward on his behalf, though it was not to be long before this was done. Philip's death put an end to civil war between rival kings. Henceforth, though he would still have many an occasion to lament the ravages of what might now be called private war in the Fatherland, Walther's thoughts were more occupied with the relations between the Papacy and the Empire, and with the ever-present need for a holy war.

T. BARNES.

(To be continued.)

ART. 8.—THE DARKNESS OF FAITH

II

FAITH AND DOGMA

IN a previous article* in this Review faith was described as the operation within us of the Beatific Vision not yet actually enjoyed, and the article was an attempt to justify the description by considering the vital and effective relationship in which the Christian, even while a sojourner here, stands to the glorified human nature of Christ. Some further justification of the description is needed; for our ordinary approach to the psychology of faith is not through its heavenly, but through its earthly affinities; and it has become with most of us almost a fixed habit of mind, encouraged by at least one classic of modern times, to attempt to build up our psychological account of it as far as possible in terms of human faculties and human ways of attaining to certitude.

Not that any Catholic theologian would assert that the ground can be completely covered in this way—the very definition of faith would forbid him—but it seems not unfair to describe some treatments of the subject as attempts to make the human element go as far as it can be made to go, and then admit a gap which must be filled by supernatural aid. Nor is it at first sight obvious that, if we are speaking of the psychology of faith, there is any other course open to us; for how can we treat psychologically that which is left when the resources of psychology are exhausted, or how begin with the residuum?

None the less, this way of approach can lead to serious misconceptions and difficulties concerning faith. Is it really satisfactory, for example, to form a mental picture in which the supernatural rather than the natural element has the character of the residuum in the mental whole? It is true that human faculties and their efforts have a certain psychological priority as the foundations upon which the supernatural gift is built; but grace has anticipated even these first steps; and, when we come to

* See *Dublin Review*, July 1932.

faith proper, there are better grounds for regarding reason as filling the gap left by defect of faith, or (dynamically) as following faith as the tides follow the moon, than for the converse pictures. Again, the constant discussion of the subject in terms of images and concepts and of motives, rational and non-rational, for credence—all of which things appertain to knowledge, which is light—almost inevitably prejudices the imagination against the notion of the darkness of faith, and makes it difficult for us to give more than a formal assent to the assertion that the way of faith is darkness.

Yet, in fact, all of us to whom the great gift has been given are to that extent moved, not by these objects of the mind, but, as by a prime mover enhancing our natural liberty, by the Beatific Vision, not yet actualized for us, but operating within us in virtue of the real union of every baptized person with Christ's human nature now in full enjoyment of that Vision. This operation manifests itself as the power of assenting with certitude to truths now only partly intelligible, on the ground that they are divinely guaranteed. In virtue of it we move with assurance towards them, and among them and their implications, as if we fully understood them and the process by which we reached our assurance of them (though in fact we do neither); and at least to some extent we act upon them as if we were supported by a visible guarantor. And in all this we are acting in the dark.

It is an action that, so far from being irrational, is its own justification. We do not, in the case of our natural powers, consider ourselves irrational in an analogous dispensing with formal proof of their efficacy. We use our tongue to speak, or our apprehension of the natural numbers to add, without previously subjecting them to physiological or logical examination—at least we do so unless we have fallen victims to a recent school of thought which spends its time in trying to reduce first principles of thought to prior principles; in which case we shall quickly reduce ourselves to the condition of the centipede in the well-worn tale, who, in the effort to determine the order in which he used his legs in walking, rolled over on his back and never walked again.

It may be true that it is impossible to give a satisfactory reason why we should trust these faculties, but that question can and should be restated, as Newman has forcibly pointed out :

We use, not trust our faculties. To debate about trusting in a case like this, is parallel to the confusion implied in wishing we had had a choice if we would like to be created or no. . . . Our consciousness of self is prior to all questions of trust or assent. We act according to our nature, by means of ourselves, when we remember or reason. We are as little able to accept or reject our mental constitution, as our being. We have not the option ; we can but misuse its functions.*

Our acquiescence in these powers has, in fact, something of the force of *Cogito, ergo sum*. I reason, and I am myself ; I hesitate to reason, and I cease fully to be.

Thus far there is a valid analogy between our use of our own nature and our use of that supernatural power of apprehension and assent with which the union with Christ has endowed us ; the use of either is its own justification. At this point, however, a profound distinction enters. For our natural powers are working in their proper setting, and therefore under a sort of compulsion. Thus, natural well-being and the absolutely essential means to it, such as food and warmth and society, are objects which the will must in the first instance make its own, even if subsequently we do violence to our nature by rejecting them. Similarly, in the realm of knowledge, which concerns us here, there is the same inevitability about our primary assents. The mind cannot but assent in the first instance to first principles once made explicit ; or to rigorous demonstration, or to an immediate sense impression—the greenness of grass, for example. It may, of course, occasionally assent to what is incorrectly formulated or argued, or to false interpretations of what is seen, but that is another matter. At the moment we are concerned with the inevitability in the first instance of assent to natural truth made manifest, and with its origin in the fact that our natural powers of apprehension are set among their proper objects, to respond to which is

* *Grammar of Assent*, ch. iv, § i ; 4.

their *raison d'être*. That which is present to a healthy eye must be seen, and, as was remarked in the earlier discussion, our natural knowing is always a kind of seeing.

The supernatural power of assent, which is faith, has from the nature of the case no objects of assent naturally present to the eye of the mind or of the body, for its objects are a supernatural and invisible Being and certain truths beyond human comprehension which He has chosen to reveal. Such concepts and statements as are presented to it for assent must therefore be inadequate representations of its proper objects, so that they will have no absolute cogency for it. For the reasons just given we have the right and, indeed, the duty to assent if we have the power, but it is a case of "can", not "must".

I believe, then, because I can; I know (naturally) because I must—this broad distinction may suffice us here. (It is true of course that the Church tells us that we are "bound to" believe certain things, but the term in this sense denotes a moral obligation, not to be confused with natural necessity.) The distinction is psychologically clearest in the incipient stages of either act, before either has become a formed habit. At the beginning of a slow process of being convinced of, say, the presence of somebody in the house, or the validity of a proof, or the essential truthfulness of a definition, we are conscious of being gradually overborne by necessity in one way or another. At the beginnings of faith we are more likely to represent it to ourselves as, first, an inkling that "if I followed this up, I could believe it after all", or, "I could believe this if I wanted to, if it didn't involve me in so much I can't submit to"; then, perhaps, as, "If I could only bring myself to commit myself to it, I should never have to unsay it"; later, as a simple, "Yes, I could assent", joined to a prayer for aid, "Lord, I do believe; help Thou my unbelief"; finally as, "I can assent; thanks be to God I do assent."

This is not to say that in the process by which anyone attains to definite religious belief there is not ordinarily a large admixture of ratiocination and natural intuition, compelling us to admit that this or that, at least, is reasonable or common sense. The ordinary soil for the

reception of faith is, in fact, a sound natural religion—a thing based upon reason—or at least a sound natural understanding actively removing the obstacles by which the errors and sins of the centuries and of the individual have thwarted the natural knowledge and worship of God; together with what, with sufficient exactitude for the moment, we may call the natural apprehension of the need for the supernatural which has always accompanied the natural religion of fallen man, running to seed in countless superstitions when faith is not vouchsafed, but affording a natural point of contact for the ascent of the favoured soul into higher regions. All this is a true *praeparatio evangelica*.

But, when all this is said, it remains true that none of these things is faith, not even when described as spiritual discernment or intuition, or the sense of the holy, or any other of the popular non-Catholic substitutes for it. Not any of these faculties forcing natural conviction upon us, but the untrammelled, "I could", or, "I can", marks the presence of supernatural faith; and that faith envelops all the fragmentary and disjointed argumentations, vitalizing each of them, filling up their interstices, and always (if we are faithful to it) going a little ahead of them, so that "I could" is always a peering into the darkness and "I can" always a leap into it. And, in the matured faith that proceeds from speculative truth (in the older sense of that phrase) to the field of action the darkness is even more oppressive just because the illumination of the external circumstances that are to be overridden is so bright, so cogent in the contrary direction.

Yet the certitude is still there—"I can, and in the name of God I do"—more sustaining in its own way from the very presence of the darkness. What St. John of the Cross says of the necessity of total darkness in the mystic's prayer of faith applies in some degree to simple belief:

A blind man, if he be not totally blind, will not commit himself wholly to his guide, but because he sees a little he thinks a certain road secure, not seeing another which is better.*

* *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, book ii, ch. 4; Lewis' translation.

When, therefore, we think of "the light of the faith" we are perhaps erroneously blending our notion of faith with the accounts given of the natural knowledge which is at the same time the preparation for, and the partner of, faith. Or we may have been assimilating a theory of faith, very common outside the Church, that it consists of a sense of assurance derived from religious experience, and thereby confused with faith what is a frequent consequence of faith (and of many other things that are not faith) and may be described as light, inasmuch as it brightens our imaginations. Or we may be correctly describing, not faith, but the light that the supernatural truths to which it assents throw upon the objects of our natural knowledge, bringing order and meaning where before there was confusion ; or that is thrown on them by our heightened power of recognizing the hand of God, or by the increase of our natural power of handling them which comes from its exercise in subordination to and conformity with the supernatural, as a child's body grows to the extent to which it translates its food into bodily activity.

These things may properly be called the light of the faith, but they are no more than the light shed on external facts by the supernatural knowledge with which the assent of faith endows us, or the light generated within us by the exercise of the faith. By the use of faith light is, in fact, diffused over all that falls in front of our mental vision ; but the power which we are using is, as it were, infused into us from behind. We know that we have it, because we can use it ; but, having our eyes upon the visible things in front of us, we cannot turn round and see it or whence it comes, and, for all the radiance which is falling upon the objects within sight, are venturing altogether in the dark every time we move among them in reliance on the support from behind. There is a strange blank before our mind if we try to turn it round in that direction, a blank impenetrable to intellectual analysis or the most acute self-consciousness ; and if we are wise we shall take courage from it and leave it alone.

The darkness of faith, then, is the darkness in which we move in so far as we are knowing or acting by faith. The

sceptic attaches his own meaning to the phrase by suggesting that the darkness is the darkness of irrationality and subjectivism ; of irrationality because it is irrational to claim certitude concerning what is admittedly beyond rational proof or any other kind of natural demonstration ; of subjectivism because such certitudes must be the creation of physical or mental conditions, or of arbitrary judgments peculiar to each individual and not brought to the test of any common criterion of truth.

The chronic confusion between the irrational and the intellectual but non-rational (or super-rational) need not detain us here ; it is illegitimate even in the sphere of natural knowledge, and still more out of place when we are speaking of supernatural powers of assent. The accusation of subjectivity may more profitably occupy us for a little, not because our present purpose is the defence of faith, but because the description of faith will be made more complete by the consideration of the answer to this charge.

The assent of faith, like every other assent, must have some object or objects, reducible to propositions. But the gift of faith, which is an interior power, does not carry with it its own objects any more than our natural powers of apprehending and assenting to truths and objects carry their objects with them, even in the case of "first principles", which have to be made explicit in the mind before explicit assent is given to them. If the gift is accompanied by a private revelation displaying its object as a person or a doctrine set before the mind's eye, that is by exception and is additional to the gift, which, considered in itself, is like the gift of sight to a man in a pitch-dark room. Its objects, therefore, must be independently formulated.

Now, if they are evolved out of our inner consciousness, or produced by experiences peculiar to ourselves or inculcated by mere suggestion, the charge of subjectivity will be impossible to rebut. If, on the other hand, they are merely natural truths, such as propositions which compel our assent as first principles, or in virtue of cogent proof, then we are not in the region of faith, but of natural knowledge and certitude. Their formulation,

therefore, must on the one hand be external, universal, raised by its subject-matter above all appeal to natural suggestibility, and made with appropriate authority. At the same time it will set before us truths which cannot be reduced to a fully coherent set of concepts, or to a single imaginative picture, or compel our assent by their inherent reasonableness ; and will claim an authority beyond that which any merely natural judgment could concede. Its appeal will be to the supernatural power of assent, infused by the Divine union into the human intellect and will, and enabling them to perform a free intellectual act transcending their natural powers.

If we wish to put the gist of the appeal into a phrase, we may say that it is an appeal to recognition. The Church sets certain objectively formulated doctrines before the individual possessed of the divine gift and says in effect, Here are assertions which in virtue of your faith you will be able to recognize as proper objects of faith. The individual, not seeing in these doctrines any complete intellectual cogency, will nevertheless see in them truths to which he could assent, and in assenting will know them for his own, written already, though hitherto invisibly, in his own intellect. It is as when an apparently blank sheet of paper is held before the fire, and the external action brings to light what had been written on it in invisible ink.

This reciprocity between the inner and the outer is psychologically at the heart of certitude. It is as when we fit, say, a blade into a prepared socket and it goes into its place with a click. This is true, both of natural and of supernatural certitude. In the case of the latter, in which the free act of the will plays a predominant part, there is an added exhilaration from having done the fitting in the dark. We recognized the doctrines as the proper objects of faith ; but they were not inherently convincing. We found ourselves, none the less, with the power to assent if we would, and we did, and now we know.

To one baptized in infancy and brought up within the one fold, all this probably comes more or less as a matter of course, for all the proper objects of assent are presented to the mind, and denoted for what they are, *pari passu*

with the unfolding of the faith within it. But among those outside the fold are some without faith, who have a good knowledge of Catholic doctrines as objects of historical or theological study, but no more; others with a real but undeveloped faith, who have not yet come across any but misleading versions of them, and therefore lack adequate objects for its assent. In these cases there is a lack either of the inner or of the outer factor in supernatural certitude, until the bounty of God, operating in the one case invisibly, and in the other through the co-operation of His missionaries, brings the two together. Yet it would not be a satisfactory account of the conjunction that represented it as a sort of game of coincidences in which, say, two revolving slotted disks chase each other round until they stop with their slots opposite each other—not even if we allowed for the Providence of God behind the event. There is ordinarily a definite preparation both interior and exterior.

The interior gift can, of course, in no sense be commanded by man, but some self-preparation for the gift is possible with the help of God, some purifying of the intention to embrace the truth when found, some aversion from sin that holds the will in bondage. The exterior formulations of the faith are usually brought into view and prepared for recognition by preliminary investigations on the part of our ordinary reasoning and intuitive processes—that *praeformatio evangelica* which was so named a little while back. Natural religion, or experiences in other religious bodies, may predispose the will and the judgment towards supernatural religion in its fullness. Philosophical considerations may pave the way to the breach with naturalism. Historical enquiry may bring to light the strength of the evidence for particular miracles, or the unique place of the Church in history. Her dogmas may be studied as a system, and their marvellous interdependence discovered. In all these ways, and more, paths are made for the intellect leading up to the dogmas themselves; and as a mule picks its way down the track which its rider ignores, and bears him to the signpost which only he can read, so the busy mind argues its way towards the truths of revelation carrying

the unseen supernatural power by which alone it can know them, when they are reached, for what they are.

To help the mind in these processes is the work of apologetics, with which this article is not concerned. There is, however, one among them that demands notice here, for it invites attention to the dogmas of revelation by manifesting, not their logical nor historical setting, nor their mutual coherence, but their shape. It cannot point to them as intellectually cogent or naturally authoritative, for that is not their nature, but it can point to them as transcending intellectual cogency, and making more than mortal claims, in just such a way as might be expected of formulas proposed as objects of supernatural faith. And it is just this view of the dogmas that is required to complete the description of the darkness in which faith moves.

That darkness would cease to be darkness if the assent of faith could be made to intellectually cogent doctrines, just as the assent would cease to be sure if it were made to no objective doctrines at all. The form or, if we will, the formlessness of the dogmas of faith is, therefore, the exterior counterpart of the formless darkness within. By formlessness is not, of course, meant literal formlessness of enunciation—many of the Church's dogmatic statements are couched in exceedingly precise language—nor that ultimate formlessness that is the mark of ignorance or falsity, but that which results from the absence of an explicit intellectual nexus between the terms of a dogma and from the impossibility of constructing one.

Thus, to take the doctrine of the Three in One as an example, Newman has beautifully shown how each of the concepts taken separately—the One, the Three, the Father and so forth—makes an immediate appeal to the simplest, yet neither the intellect nor the imagination can hold them all together without a sense of contradiction, ultimately unwarranted, but the natural consequence of our complete failure to apprehend infinite Being. To that extent the enunciation of the dogma for our assent has not turned our darkness into light. We assent in face of that sense of contradiction.

We do so perfectly reasonably, because all of us

Catholics, children or philosophers, know just how much and how little significance to attach to it, and because in the face of it we have the power to assent. But because we are reasonable beings we cannot leave it at that. We must put into words this state of mind. Having said that we can disregard the absence of explicit coherence because it is only to be expected in such truths as it was necessary for God to reveal, we must add the positive aspect of our act; we can accept the dogma without the credentials of the intellect because it was revealed by God.

Thereby we express ourselves argumentatively, but we have not really taken ourselves out of the region of dogma or out of the darkness of faith. We have but resolved one act of recognition into two elements, our recognition of the divine truth and our recognition that it is divinely guaranteed. And here, as before, we must avoid subjectivity on the one hand and on the other hand are debarred from natural certitude. The enunciation of the second dogma, like that of the first, must come from outside ourselves; nevertheless it will be equally incapable of cogent demonstration.

But who shall announce the divine guarantee of the divine dogma which the Church has announced? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who indeed but the guardian herself? And how shall she do so but by announcing that, as the guardian, she herself is divinely guaranteed? And how can natural reason accept the testimony of the testifier to herself? How can it be accepted but by the purest act of recognition, the sum and quintessence of all the separate acts for all the separate dogmas?

Thus we reach the dogma—the infallibility of the Church—that beyond all others has the mark of appropriateness as an object of the assent of faith and of inappropriateness to any assent but that of faith. Every other dogma of the Church, for all its mysteriousness, can be held after a fashion by those without true faith or with incomplete faith; for it is possible to attach to each a private dogma, as that it is divinely guaranteed by the Bible, which itself is (according to the same private dogmatizing) divinely guaranteed. Many true doctrines

of revelation are indeed held in this way, as by avowed Protestants who may not even know them to be the Church's doctrines, or by imitation Catholics who consciously select them from among the Church's doctrines. But the Church's own testimony to herself—who can accept that on any testimony but the Church's?

Well, perhaps two sorts of person can. There are some who profess the infallibility of the Church, but hasten to add that the infallible Church is unfortunately at the moment sick, so as not to be seen or consulted, and meanwhile take upon themselves the function of her infallibility in determining which of her doctrines are truly Catholic. But it does not require supernatural faith to assent to the Church's infallibility on condition that it is vested in one's own private judgment.

There are others, forming a small but appreciable element among those who enter the Church, who assent to her infallibility in the sense that she has been infallible in all her teaching up to the time of asking, at least so far as its implications are known to them. The reservations may not be as explicit as this, but that they are implicit is shown by the sequel when the Church makes a fresh definition or some fresh facet of her teaching comes into prominence. But it would be a waste of space to enlarge upon what has been so perfectly said by Newman.* It is enough here to say that private judgment continues to be private judgment, and to be essentially a picking and choosing among dogmas, even when it chooses to pick the lot, Infallibility among them, provided that Infallibility is exercised within the limits of that choice.

But a living Infallibility, as objective and as free as Truth itself, can be the object only of an as real and free assent given in virtue of a power which, being itself from God, recognizes its counterpart among exterior things. Sure of its assent because it knows its divine power to assent, faith finds the fulfilment of its certitude in a Church which is sure of her teaching because she knows her divine power to teach and, like faith itself, bears witness to herself. "Unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness." "Thou givest

* *Grammar of Assent*, ch. vii, §2.

testimony of Thyself; Thy testimony is not true," said the Pharisees; for they saw only the Man in front of them. So, with the bodily eyes, did Peter. But to That which was revealed not by flesh and blood he replied: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God."

F. R. HOARE.

ART. 9.—SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
IDYLLS OF LEOPARDI

I WILL open with a quotation from Benedetto Croce's *Poetry and Non-Poetry*. This volume of essays contains one on Leopardi, from which I will make the following extract :

The scoffer at liberals had all his friendships among liberals, the contemner of mankind had no other longing than to love and to be loved. Ah, if one ray of sunlight had chased out of his blood the poisonous malady, had dissolved the torpor which aggravated it ! He would at once have gone out afoot, and with astonishment yet greater than that which he sung in the "Risorgimento", would have looked upon the world with new eyes and seen the dark clouds of his imagination disappear in the distance, while the powers of creative application, crushed down in his sickly body, would have spread themselves abroad in generous abundance.

If, therefore, we wish to discover the pure, healthy Leopardi writing as an artist, we must seek him, not in his polemical, ironic, and satirical moods, with their echo of evil laughter, but where he expresses himself seriously and is really moved. . . . Such moments of inspiration are the "Sera del di di festa", the "Vita Solitaria", the "Infinito". . . . Then his words take on colour, his rhythm becomes soft and flexible, the emotion trembles as it reflects itself in the dewdrop of poetry. . . . Who does not bear in mind and heart the images that come then to flower, those girlish faces, those aspects of the countryside, of humble folk at their work ? Silvia at her loom, singing in odorous May, her mind full of a beautiful dream, and the young man who stays his writing to lend an ear to the sound of that voice linking his dream with the girl's dream. . . . The tranquil village of a Saturday night with the girl standing there with the flowers of her adornment on the morrow in her hand. . . .

In this eloquent passage our highest living authority on Italian literature explains very clearly the true cause of Leopardi's pessimism and early "conversion to philosophy". It is, in truth, one of the tragedies of literature that this delicate, benevolent, and affectionate nature should have been warped from its true development by misdirected zeal on the part of his elders, and too great regard for material family interests. It was also

unfortunate for Leopardi that he came into the world at the period of Italy's deepest degradation. On the other hand, the times were very stirring; the date of Leopardi's birth, 1798, coincided with Napoleon's invasion of Lombardy and rapid advance on Rome, when the Republican forces occupied Recanati (so near the shrine of Loreto) and took possession of the Leopardi family residence. This was in the month of July, when the Countess, his mother, about to give birth to her first son, had retired to a small house in a distant village. Her husband, Count Monaldo, remained to protect his property from pillage, in which he seems to have been fairly successful, and with the return of quieter times the old home was reoccupied, and there, for the next thirty years, with but few intermissions, and often sorely against his will, their unfortunate son continued to reside.

At this time, in fact during his whole life, as Signor Croce tells us, ill-health must be regarded as the dominant fact in Leopardi's unhappiness, and consequently sombre view of life. But in his early childhood he had not been unusually weakly, and in the *Ricordanze* he tells us how the frescoed walls of the old mansion—the family dating from the Crusades—resounded to the cries and happy laughter of himself, his sister and brother in their juvenile sports, when, as we learn from other sources, he would assume the part of some Greek hero—Achilles by preference—while less attractive characters fell to the lot of his companions. As years went on, however, he engaged in what he afterwards described as an insane course of application to the most abstruse studies, which completely ruined his health and almost deprived him of eyesight. Responsibility for this devolves undoubtedly upon his parents, and chiefly upon his mother, who declined the offer of her brother, Cardinal Antonelli, to remove him to Rome, where his studies would have been proportioned to his strength, and suitable companions found to divert his mind, giving it healthier subjects of contemplation than his own misfortunes, and the philosophical and philological discussion in which, with advancing years, he engaged.

This unhappiness, however, was, if not the cause, at any rate the occasion of the first flowering of his genius. Early in life he had published the celebrated ode to Italy, followed by other odes, called classical, in which an arbitrary scheme of versification is set up in the first strophe and adhered to in those that follow. Under cover of addresses to well-known men on literary subjects these odes urged the Italians to revolt against the grinding Austrian tyranny. They rather resemble, and may in some measure have been suggested by, Byron's passionate incitements to the Greeks, but *poetically* they are on a much lower level than the idylls (with which alone we are now concerned) or the later odes in free verse or blank. Written for the most part while the poet was still very young—though not published till 1824-6, these Idylls present to us the reflexion of a highly trained, refined, and intensely sensitive nature to whom has been granted a faculty of poetic expression which, in his own country, and within the narrow limits assigned to it, has probably never been surpassed.

These, then, are the compositions with which we are immediately concerned. The exact order in which they were written is uncertain, and any of them may date from an earlier period than that usually assigned among the collected works. The three with which we begin are dated 1819, when the poet was in his twenty-first year, and are written in blank verse. Dr. Garnett, speaking of the first of these in his *History of Italian Literature*, says, "Few are the poems in which a mere triviality has been made the occasion of a meditation so sublime", and equal commendation is deserved by the others. In fact, the last and longest of these odes compares not unfavourably with any that appeared in later years, the intense sensitiveness exhibited giving it a yet higher claim to our regard. It was written during a short stay at San Leopardo, a country village, where his parents owned property, and shortly preceded his ineffectual attempt to fly from the paternal abode, where he felt himself almost a prisoner. The hill referred to in both the shorter odes is Mount Tabor, near Recanati, at that time uncultivated, and partly overgrown with trees.

Idylls of Leopardi

THE INFINITE

Dear to me ever was this lonely hill
 And leafy hedge about me on all sides
 That shuts the far horizon from my sight,
 But while I sit and gaze, unending space
 Beyond this bourne, eternal silences
 Not of this world, and quiet how profound
 Are imaged in my thought, whence dread almost
 Comes over me at times. And as I hear
 The wind sigh through the trees, that infinite calm
 Contrasting with this voice, I think upon
 Eternity, dead ages, and compare
 The present that lives, and noise of it. And thus,
 In such immensity my thought is drowned :
 And sweet to me is shipwreck in that sea.

TO THE MOON

O gracious Moon, I well remember how
 A year ago upon this hill I came
 O'ercharged with bitter thoughts to gaze on thee.
 And thou wast poised over this very wood
 As now thou art, all silvery in thy beams.
 But faint and misty from the tears that rose
 Beneath my lids thy face appeared to me,
 For troubled was my life, and is : nor can
 The manner of it change, loved Moon of mine !
 Yet the remembrance seems to bring me ease
 Thus to renew the season of that grief.
 Oh, how it soothes me when I thus recall
 In that fair time of youth, while hope is long
 And memory has yet so brief a course,
 The recollection of things passed away
 Though sad they were and though the pain endure.

THE SOLITARY LIFE

The rain soft pattering on my cot at dawn
 Wakes me ; in her small chamber the young hen
 Exulting flaps her wings ; from balconies
 The people of this countryside look forth ;
 The sun just rising shoots a tremulous beam

Among the falling drops ; I rise and bless
The cloudlets filmy white, the first faint chirp
Of birds, these airs so fresh, and all around
This flowering field-land : long enough have I
Seen you and known, unprofitable walls
Of cities, where hate dogs the steps of pain ;
Where sorrowing I lived, and so shall die ;
Let it be soon ! Yet nature in these scenes
Some slight condolence with me seems to show ;
But oh, how much more cordial her regard
In the sweet days that were ! Thou, also, thou
Hidest thy face from grief ; disdainfully,
O Nature, from the unhappy turned away,
To Queen Felicity thou bendest down.
In heaven, on earth, no friend remains to us,
The unfortunate ; no refuge but the grave.

Sometimes I sit me in a lonely place
Girdled by silent trees, on a low hill,
Close to a lake. Here at the hour of noon
The sun his tranquil image mirrors, here
Stirs neither leaf, nor plant, nor any wind,
Nor wavelet murmurs, nor cicala shrills,
Nor flutters any bird among the boughs,
Nor insect hum, nor voice, nor movement here,
Or distantly, is either heard or seen.
Unbroken quiet holds this spot where I
Sit motionless, forgetful of the world
And of myself ; in truth my members seem
To lie dissolved, by sense and feeling now
No longer urged, their ancient quietude
Blent with the unbroken silences around.

Love, love, long from my bosom art thou fled,
Once all aglow with thee ; how fierce a flame
In days gone by ! Misfortune with cold hand
Grasped it and froze to ice in the blossoming
Of my young life. How well do I recall
Thy first awakening touch ! It was the time,
So sweet, that ne'er returns when to young eyes
Unfolded is the sad scene of this world
Which smiles upon them like a paradise.

With virgin hopes and wishes the young man
Feels his heart leap ; already in his mind

Prepares himself as to a dance or feast—
 The unfortunate ! But, Love, no sooner I
 Knew thee for what thou art than cruel fate
 Withered my life and I perceived these eyes
 Were fit for little in this world but tears.
 Yet when the morning breaks o'er a glad scene
 In silence, while the cottages around,
 Meadows and country glisten in the sun,
 And the fresh face of some fair girl I meet ;
 Or, in the stillness of a placid night
 In summer when my vagrant footsteps pause
 Before a farmhouse in these lonely lands
 On which I gaze, while in some room apart
 I hear the clear song of a maid at work,
 Adding a night task to her daily toil,
 This heart of mine begins once more to throb :
 Ah, but returns soon to its iron sleep—
 All tenderness a stranger to me now !

O Moon, so dear, beneath whose quiet ray
 The hares dance in the woods, that, with the dawn
 The sportsman grieves to find the scent confused
 By countless cross-scents leading from their forms ;
 Hail, thou benignant queen of night, abhorred
 By the pale bandit in the thicket hid,
 Or among ruins, who with ear intent
 Waits, fearful lest thy beam glance on his sword,
 To catch the sound of wheels on the lone road,
 Or traveller's footsteps, whom, by his fierce look
 And harsh loud voice appalled, he leaves half dead
 And rifled on the stones. Nor art thou loved
 By evil-doer lurking in the dark
 Of city streets who shuns thy silvery glance,
 And, where the walls their deepest shadow cast,
 Creeps stealthily from house to house, or halts
 Dreading the light from open balconies,
 Or lamps well trimmed. Not loved by such as these
 To me thy face a gracious aspect wears
 Shining o'er this fair land where to my view
 Nothing but happy hills and fields outspread
 Thou openest. Yet there was a time when I,
 Though innocent, loved not thy beauteous beams,
 Accusing them of offering to my gaze
 Faces of men in populous resorts,
 Or mine to them. Now will I praise thee ever,

Whether I see thee sailing through yon clouds,
Or, Queen unquestioned of the ethereal plain,
Thou gazest on this scene of human woe.
Often wilt thou behold me, mute, alone,
Stray through these woods, through this green wilderness ;
Or, seated on the grass, well satisfied
If I have heart and breath enough to sigh.

The ode that now follows is given the same date as the foregoing, but was obviously written much earlier, as Straccali points out, who suggests that it may have been inspired by a lady who visited the Leopardi in 1816. Violent and short-lived, the passion was never avowed, a not unusual circumstance in these early ebullitions, and is eminently idyllic. Indeed, one seems almost to hear the accompaniment of a shepherd's pipe. Although not directly addressed, as in most of these odes, we feel that the moon sheds her influence over the whole composition, giving it, together with its consummate beauty, an air of unreality, or unearthliness, which, indeed, applies to most of Leopardi's work. It is an enchanted garden from which the reader returns, like Thomas the Rhymer, with strange and bitter experiences, a sadder, but perhaps a wiser, man.

EVENING : AFTER THE FETE

Soft is the night and clear, hushed is the wind,
And silently on roofs and in the gardens
Moonbeams repose and from afar reveal,
Serene, each lofty hill. O lady mine,
Quiet is every pathway now, and few
The balconies where yet belated gleams
The midnight lamp. Thou art sleeping ; for to thee
In thy still chamber sleep is swift to come ;
Nor hast thou any care, nor canst thou know
Or guess the wound thou hast opened in my breast.
Thou sleepest ; gazing upward, I salute
This heaven which so benignantly looks down,
And Nature, ancient and omnipotent,
Who made me as a fit abode of pain :
'Hope I deny to thee,' she said, 'even hope,
Nor shall thine eyes shine ever but with tears.'

This was a day of festival, and now
 From pastimes thou wilt turn to take repose.
 Perhaps in welcome dreams remember some
 Who pleased thee, or whom haply thou hast pleased.
 Not so, how can I hope it, will thy thought
 Return to me this night. The while I ask
 How long am I to live? I throw myself
 Down on the ground, tremble, and cry aloud.
 O, hideous days! And I so young! Alas,
 Not far away, along the road I hear
 A workman's lonely song, who late returns
 After the fête to his poor home. At once
 New feelings flood my heart, new sorrow wakes,
 To think how all things fade out of this world,
 And scarce leave any trace. Fled is the day
 Of festival; a common day succeeds,
 And so Time bears away all earthly things.
 Where are the thunders of the mighty past?
 Where is the glory that our fathers won—
 And lofty empire of that Rome, her arms,
 And shouting that she made on earth and sea?
 All now is peace and quiet; the world sleeps
 And reck of them no more. In early years
 When eagerly I longed for festivals,
 The glad day past, a sad and sleepless couch
 I pressed, and as the night wore on, at times
 A song was heard along the lonely lanes
 Which in the distance slowly died away
 And wrung my heart, as this which I now hear.

Unlike so much modern verse, the suffering here expressed is absolutely genuine, and if, as has sometimes been suggested, Leopardi is a reincarnation of the Greek Spirit, it is the agonistic Athenian drama that he painfully emulates. Of this the "Ode to Sappho" may be taken as an example, perhaps also that on the Fables of Antiquity, both of which now follow. Like Leopardi, the unfortunate Lesbian poetess, in his day, seems to have been believed to be physically unattractive, but animated by an intense desire to be loved. The reader feels all through the poem that Leopardi speaks as much for himself as for Sappho.

It should, however, be borne in mind that in turning to Greece for inspiration Leopardi was only following the

intellectual and literary drift of his time, which delighted in classicality. Had not Wordsworth sighed to be "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn", while Keats found his loftiest inspiration in a Grecian urn? France also exhibited a similar spirit. In "Rolla", that strange medley of classic severity and bohemian licence, does not Musset ask:

Do you regret the time when in so fair a race
Of gods heaven seemed itself to walk and breathe on earth;
When, sprinkling bitter tears of the wave that gave her birth,
Venus Astarte with yet virgin grace
Made fruitful all the world while she wrung out her hair?

Quite lately we have all seen how beautifully this idea was expressed by Botticelli in another medium. But with Leopardi there is a reticence and gravity, a higher spirituality, than in the others.

SAPPHO'S LAST SONG

O placid night, and faint retiring ray
Of the declining moon, and thou, on cliff
And silent forest softly gazing down,
Day's messenger—aspects that to my eyes
Dear and delightful seemed while adverse fate
And the dread Furies were unknown, but vain
With show so fair to soothe despairing love!
For us, estranged from joy, dark skies, fierce blasts
Sand-laden of the desert, and the car,
The ponderous car of Jove above our heads
Cleaving with thunder-bursts the liquid sky,
While cower the terror-trembling lands beneath,
Bring more contentment. Us the sombre gorge,
Rock-strewn, storm-deluged, greater comfort yields—
The panic flight of startled birds; the sound
Of rivers that o'erflow
When turbulent waves their tyrannous anger show.

Beautiful is thy robe, O divine sky,
And dewy earth, thou too art beautiful.
Alas, in all this infinite beauty shown,
To woeful Sappho is all part denied

By heaven and unkind Fate. Like a mean guest,
 Importunate, or lover now despised,
 Vainly my supplicating eyes, and heart,
 O Nature, in thy haughty courts I raise
 To forms so exquisite. On me no more
 Smile flowery borders, or the silvery dawn
 From heaven's ethereal gates. No more the song
 Of painted birds, or beech trees rustling,
 Salutes me ; and where drooping willows spread
 Their shade o'er crystal waters, if my foot,
 Intrusive, near a limpid brooklet stray,
 Her waves indignant haste
 To fly the odorous banks my steps disgraced.

What fault, what strange excess of wickedness,
 Stained me ere birth that Heaven and Fortune gaze
 On me with face so stern ? How, when a child,
 Yet ignorant of life's disloyalties,
 Had I offended that un pitying Fate
 Spun this rough thread, this flowerless, youthless youth ?
 Imprudent words these that escape thy lips !
 Dark is the will by which what must be is—
 All mystery save our pain ! Neglected race,
 We are born for tears yet wherefor born none knows
 Save those above us. Oh, the dreams, the hopes
 Of my young days ! To conquering loveliness,
 To all-subduing beauty, He who reigns
 Gave an eternal empire over men ;
 And neither high achievement, nor sweet song,
 Nor lyre well-strung will grace
 In lover's eyes a plain unlovely face.

Die, then ! This worthless garment flung to earth,
 My naked spirit seeks with Dis her home ;
 Thus to amend the crude fault of the blind
 Apportioner. And thou for whom in vain
 Love, long fidelity, and, unappeased,
 The rage of passion seized me, if on earth
 Live mortal man in happiness, so live.
 For me, Jove has not from his niggard urn
 Poured out sweet liquor since my childhood dreamed
 And my delusions fled. First fly from us
 The happy hours of youth. Disease, old-age,
 Then steal on us and shadow of cold death.
 Vanished my pleasant fancies and the palms

I craved and hoped for, Tartarus alone
Remains for me ; and to that silent shore
My valiant soul takes flight—
To the Tenaerian goddess, and black night.

TO SPRING
OR
THE FABLES OF ANTIQUITY

Now heaven's inclemency

The sun dispels, and rage of wintry storms
Zephyr restrains ; while, scattering and in flight,
The sombre shadows of the clouds depart.
Birds now their fragile forms
Trust to the wind, and the diurnal ray,
O'er melting hoar-frost and through woods diffused,
Leads forth the herds' glad company, who glow
With hope renewed and new desire of love.
Haply even they who go
Sorrowing, souls steeped in grief, may find relief
In the fair season, though before their time
Bowed to affliction and dark face of Truth ?
Not always wan and pale to eyes that mourn
Are Phœbus' golden beams.
Even this seared heart which in the bloom of youth.
O fragrant Spring, had so untimely felt
The frost of age, thou wilt inspire and melt.

Livest thou ? Livest thou ?

O holy Nature, livest thou. Is this
The sound of thy maternal voice my ears
All unaccustomed greet ? Truly of old
Some white nymph dwelt in bliss
By every rill, each placid pool her glass.
To mystic measures of immortal feet
Trembled the rock-strewn gorge, the woody wild
(Rude haunt of winds to-day !). His thirsty charge,
At noon's uncertain hour, the shepherd led
Beside the flowery marge
Of rivers, and the strain mysterious heard
Along the banks of rustic Pans ; the while,
By eddying of the troubled waves, he knew,
Though from his eyes withheld,
The quivered goddess came, after the toil

And bloodstains of the chase, in the warm tide
Her virgin arms to cleanse, and snowy side.

Lived every flower and herb,
Lived even the woods that day ! The clouds took heed,
Soft breezes, and the lamp Titanian,
Then of this earthly race. In the lone night
To thee, o'er mount and mead,
Bright Cyprian unveiled, the traveller turned
A trustful glance ; to thee,
Companion and protectress of his way,
Mindful of all below. Others from touch
Impure of towns, from deadly hate or shame
Flying, through deserts stray ;
When, clasping to their breasts the trunks of trees,
They find a flame of mortal being still
Glow in those bloodless veins ; that the leaves breathe,
And, in a drear embrace,
Secretly Daphne and sad Phillis thrill ;
Or Climene's daughters their old anguish tell
In tears for him who in Eridanus fell.

Nor, rugged cliffs, to you
The doleful accents of distressed mankind
Came all unnoticed when your dim abodes
Were tenanted by Echo ; not as now
A mockery of the wind,
But the sad spirit of a nymph whom Fate
Unjust, and tyrannous Love
Had from her tender body rudely torn.
In grottoes, in each desolate abode,
Or rocky waste, the sorrows she had borne,
In sob and shrill complaint,
To the wide heavens she told. And thou, sweet bird,
That goest singing (while the copses wear
Their springtime tresses) the new season's birth,
Fame long instructed says
How, thus lamenting, to the dumb dark air,
And fields in mute repose, thou tellest a tale
Of terror and shame at which the sun grew pale.

But not to ours akin
We deem thy race, or that of sorrow speak
Thy varied notes—thyself unstained by crime,
Less dear indeed, the midnight valley hides.
Alas, alas, since bleak

And bare thy courts, Olympus, seem, and blind
The thunder which from lowering cloud to cliff
Rattling, in good and bad like terror wakes ;
Since of her progeny
This natal soil is ignorant, and makes
A sickly race—to this our piteous lot,
Unmerited, attend, and hear our cry,
O beauteous Nature. In my breast relume
The fire that burnt of old ;
If that thou livest ! if in the bright sky,
This sunlit earth, or sunless depths of sea,
Not pity, aught that knows our grief, there be !

Thus far the odes selected belong to Leopardi's first period. Of the other two, with which we conclude this necessarily brief notice, the first was originally published in the Neapolitan edition of his collected works shortly before his death in 1837, but part of it may have been composed much earlier. The *Tramonto della Luna* first appeared some ten years later. Both these odes exhibit the perfect mastery of his craft for which he is celebrated. They are also saturated far more deeply than those written at an earlier period with that Leopardian view of human life which has given adjectival value to his name. The bird referred to in the *Passero Solitario*, or a descendant, seems to have haunted the old tower for many years until it was struck by lightning and pulled down.

THE MISSEL THRUSH

While day yet lingers, from the old tower roof
Thou goest singing, solitary bird,
To all the country round, and through the vale
Wander the soft notes of thy melody.
About us everywhere
Spring wakes the air, and in the fields exults
So much that the heart melts such joy to see.
Flocks faintly bleating, lowing kine thou hearest,
And many another bird, across the sky,
Gaily in circles flits,
Happy and emulous in playful strife.
Thou, pensive and retired,
Seest all this for which thou little carest ;
No sport thy humour fits ;

Companions, flight in flocks, are not for thee.
 Thou singest ; and so pass
 The first flowers of the year, and of thy life.

Alas, how like to thine

My part on earth ! Pastime and genial mirth,
 Boyhood's best heritage, and love,
 Youth's brother and the bitter sigh of age
 Stir me not—why I cannot tell—but ever
 Almost to fly them I endeavour.
 A stranger in my house almost,
 As if to friendship lost,
 The springtime of my life I pass.
 This day on which eve's shadows fall
 Our town keeps festival.
 The sound of bells in the calm air,
 And distantly from many a farm
 The loud report of arms I hear,
 While lively lad and lass
 In festive trim the houses quit,
 Through vale and wood, in merry mood,
 Admiring and admired,
 Along the lanes they flit.
 I, in my loneliness,
 To this lone spot withdrawn
 Put off till other time all sport, all pleasure.
 Then, while I steadfast gaze
 On scene so exquisite before me lying,
 After so fair a day,
 The sun that sinks among those distant peaks
 Departing seems to say,
 So too this glow of youthful joy is dying.

Thou little lonely bird, when thou art come
 To the evening of that life the stars ordain,
 Of this, thy lot, surely wilt not complain,
 Since nature all thy thoughts inspires. For me,
 If the detested threshold of old age
 Spare me not ; when these eyes
 Shall speak no more to others ; when this world
 Withers before my gaze—the time to be
 Even than the present blacker and more fell ;
 What of myself, what of my early days
 And youthful longings shall I think at last ?
 I shall regret, and, inconsolable,
 Often look back in sorrow on the past.

MOONSET

As in the lonely night

On waters, and the silver-glistening lands
 Where the light zephyr plays,
 And aspects numberless
 That fancied forms express
 The distant shadows feign
 On waves that sleep, and o'er
 Homestead, and little hill, and hedge and bough ;
 Where, behind Alp or Apennine, or in
 The infinite bosom of the Tyrrhene sea,
 At the heaven's utmost verge
 The Moon descends, and hueless grows the world,
 And shadows disappear, and vale and hill
 Grow fainter yet, until
 All in one darkness merge ;
 Forlorn the night remains ;
 When, singing, with a low sad melody,
 The waggoner on his way
 Salutes the last gleam of the fleeting ray
 That was his guide, and now fails utterly—

So fades, so vanishes

Out of this earthly life
 Our youth. Shadows and semblances
 Of happy dreams dissolve, and slowly dies
 That hope of future joy
 On which our mortal nature most relies.
 Lonely and dark remain
 Our lives, and gazing on their course, confused,
 The traveller seeks in vain
 Some purpose in the lengthening path so planned
 For his tired feet, and sees,
 In this our human seat,
 He has become a stranger in the land.*

Too happy and too gay

Would seem our hapless fate
 On high, if youth's estate—
 In which all joy is but the fruit of sorrow—
 Endured beyond the morrow.

* The same thought occurs in "Le Ricordanze":
 "quando la terra
 Mi fia straniera valle".

Too tender the decree
Which dooms to die all who on earth have breath,
If the midway less painful seemed
Than the dread gates of death.
Worthy discovery of immortal minds,
Extreme of all our ills,
Old age, in which desire,
Though hope be dead, yet lives with unquenched fire ;
The springs of happiness run dry, while grief
Grows ever, and no pleasure brings relief !

You, little hills and dales,
Vanished the splendour which from out the West
Silvered the veil of night,
Will stay not orphans long,
But with new light, far on the other side,
Behold the heavens once more
Lighten, and morning break.
Nor will the sun delay
His fiery course to take ;
But, flaming all abroad,
In lucent torrents poured,
Will flood, with you, the vast ethereal plain.
But mortal life, when youth so sweet is spent,
Will with new colours never bloom again,
Widowed for ever, nor new dawn arise,
And to the night which hides
Those times that fairer were,
The gods have set as seal a sepulchre.

HENRY CLORISTON.

QUARTERLY REFLECTIONS

THE DISARMAMENT MUDDLE The world is so nervy about the danger of another war that it will probably start one through sheer clumsiness. We doubt whether history records a spectacle so odd as the present frantic search for a disarmament formula which shall in some mysterious way make another war impossible, without changing the fundamental causes which make war possible and probable. It is not a question about which anyone can afford to be cynical, but it is worth while examining it without hysteria.

Disarmament may be undertaken for the purpose of making war less likely, of making war, when it comes, less barbarous, or of putting an end to war altogether. The first two ends are reasonable, and if we attempt to go no further it is possible to achieve something. But it is the third end, putting an end to war altogether, which we are trying to achieve. Is this feasible? If it is not, does it not follow that all our attempts to find a disarmament formula are ruined by trying to achieve too much? To begin with, a Christian is far less frightened of war than a post-Christian. In fact, disarmament as it is at present conceived is essentially a pagan idea. The Christian knows quite well that there are worse evils than war, that war relatively may be a good thing. When certain values are threatened, it may be necessary to defend them by fighting for them. It is no use suggesting an international court, for the very threatening of those values implies that some men have gone beyond the stage when they will respect the lesser values of international morality. If, for example, Christian worship itself were threatened, is it likely that its persecutors would be deterred by principles of international law, invented yesterday and administered by a body created yesterday? Nor does a Christian think that a just war entails such terrible evils. Death and suffering are (or should be) all in the day's work. But the post-Christian is in a very different position. Death for him ends all and absence of suffering is his ultimate value. At the same time, unfortunately, such people are far more likely to bring

about war than Christians. We may say, roughly, that war is due to losing one's temper, to coveting one's neighbour's goods, or to the necessity for defending ultimate religious or moral values. The undisciplined, non-moral Pagan is more likely to be tempted by the first two than the Christian. Moreover, since he still retains Christian terminology (talking about justice, rights, ultimate good, God, etc.), he is likely to pretend and to deceive himself into believing that he is defending religious and moral values, that the real causes of war are just causes of war. Therefore with him there is a continual struggle between a morbid fear of the evils of war and a constant desire to do things which make war inevitable. The Christian, on the other hand, does not fear war so much, and does less to bring it about.

This analysis, even if it idealizes the Christian somewhat, explains why a non-Christian world is so terrified of what it knows in its heart must be. It wants to achieve the impossible ideal of stopping war altogether. The result is that no one will disarm seriously until there seems to be a chance of this ideal being attained. Security must precede disarmament. It is all or nothing (for the proposals so far made amount to nothing; within a few weeks of the outbreak of war all the combatants would be as completely armed as ever they were).

If, on the other hand, we frankly accepted the possibility, and even necessity, under certain circumstances, of war, some progress in disarmament for the purpose of removing certain dangers of war could be achieved. But the only real way of solving the whole problem is to strike at the root causes of war, greed, insubordination, economic rivalry, distrust, nationalism, narrow-mindedness. If, for example, popular education on which we all spend so much could do something to popularize the truths contained and implied in Mr. Dawson's *Making of Europe*, we should have done more for the abolition of war than the Disarmament Conference. As for international treaties by which one country binds itself to fight because another country has broken a rule of international good behaviour—we have only to read any leader in any morning paper when it is suggested that Britain might have to

fight to defend France against Germany to realize what nonsense such treaties are. Each country is far too frightened of war and far too fond of itself to dream of going to war for the abstract good of the foreigner. Let him look to his own affairs! The trouble with the whole conception is that it presupposes so high a standard of international morality that if it existed the very idea of war, instead of being an imminent danger, would be out of the question.

THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS The recently published proposals of Lord Salisbury's committee for the reform of the House of Lords bring again into prominence a question which is none the less vital for being so very old. Sooner or later the House of Lords must be reformed or abolished. The abolition of the Upper House would be nothing less than a disaster; the sooner, then, it is reformed the better. The Labour Party make no secret of the fact that they will abolish the Lords as soon as they have power enough. Nor do they intend to have a substitute "tool of toryism". This means that the country will have no constitutional guarantee against the temporary will of a temporary majority. Such a state of affairs would strike at the roots of sane democracy. We are so used to thinking of minorities imposing their will on majorities that we forget the danger of majorities tyrannizing over minorities. This is an even graver danger because it is less apparent. Surely in a community of ten, nine people ought to get what they want whatever the tenth may say? But ought they? It all depends on the nature of the thing. If the tenth person wants what is right, or if the nine others want to deprive the tenth of something he ought to have, the fact that they are nine makes no difference at all. Otherwise counting heads is no more moral than breaking heads. The extremely ambiguous phrase, "the greater good of the greater number", has blinded us to the true meaning of democracy. Democracy is founded on the Christian conviction that every man is a spiritual and moral being,

not to be made a tool of by his neighbour. It springs from a belief that every individual must count for all that he is worth in the social order. Whether he is part of a majority or in a minority makes no difference to this. We must not allow ourselves to be misled by the past history of democracy. In the past it has had to fight privileged minorities at the expense of majorities. But a time comes when the interests of the many are so well protected that the interests of the few are entirely forgotten. When that time comes the same faith which animated democrats in their fight against privilege should make them protect the rights of minorities. Such a time is the testing-point of genuine democracy. Can the democratic ideal control the people which it has made free, or will the freed majority take advantage of their power to tyrannize after the fashion of those whom it has hypocritically denounced?

That is why a question like the Reform of the House of Lords to-day goes so deep. We have in this country reached a stage when the majority, as determined by a General Election, can practically do what it pleases. We have no constitutional law, the royal veto is a dead letter, the House of Lords is a powerless anachronism. A well-organized, well-led Socialist majority could destroy within a few months the social structure of the kingdom. Minorities would be ruthlessly sacrificed to the god "majority". Clearly if a majority wishes to be openly tyrannical, there is no means of stopping it short of civil war and revolution. But the strength of the Labour movement, for example, lies in its moral appeal, in its appeal to democratic principles. "The people against the Lords", "the working classes against the idle rich", the "have-nots" against the "haves", and so on. Now if in addition to this apparent moral support they also have the support of the Constitution, if, that is, Socialism gets into power and then can legally do what it wishes, the rest of the country will be defenceless, physically, morally, legally. Such a state of affairs would be in the plainest contradiction to the principles of democracy.

How to prevent democracy from degenerating into tyranny is a problem which has vexed philosophers and

historians from the beginning. It certainly will not be solved by creating an Upper House, whatever its constitution may be, but it is certain that to be without any kind of Upper House is asking for trouble. The fact that Labour is against the institution of an Upper House is one of the most sinister signs of the direction in which it is rapidly moving. It is hardly likely that a National Government will remain in power after the next elections. It is quite possible that Labour will have a majority. Therefore the reform of the House of Lords must take place during the present administration if it is to take place at all. It must be fearlessly done, in the face of criticism, however strong, for it is essentially a democratic reform. The difficulty is to agree about details. Every political theorist has his own idea about the way an Upper House should be composed. But if we remember that all political institutions are necessarily imperfect, we shall not worry too much about those details. It is the principle that matters. There must be an Upper House representative not of mere heads but in some way of the permanent interests of the country, religious bodies, trades, Trade Unions, education, scientific societies, or a dozen other interests of which a man might think. The main point is that it should be totally different from the Lower House, for if it is true that a human being cannot survive without judgment and conscience, it is equally true that the public body cannot remain healthy if it is directed solely by the passing moods of the leaders and majorities of the day.

THE PROPHETS OF THE NEW AGE It sounds like a truism to say that the prophets of the new age are the wireless, the cinema, and the modern newspaper. We naturally think so, yet we are faced with the difficulty that while the most progressive creed of our times is socialism, these prophets are confirmed capitalists. The B.B.C., it is true, is a State monopoly, but until the State goes red or pink, the B.B.C. will always take the trouble to provide a good capitalist antidote against any

socialist poison it may distil in the interest of fair play. Besides, in America and abroad generally, wireless is financed by big business. Between them, these prophets provide about seven-eighths of the mental nourishment of the man in the street. During breakfast and on the way to work, the morning paper; then eight hours or so of mechanical labour during which the mind must be as complete a blank as possible; then the radio and the evening paper, varied once or twice a week by a visit to the cinema. Is it possible that a man can remain uninfluenced by this steady, persistent attack? Can he be utterly indifferent to the brilliantly edited story of all the rare and unusual events of the day which his paper offers him as a sample of the world's work; to the inverted Pentecostal gift of the loudspeaker, by which different tongues and different places are united in the production of the one gospel, broadcast-mindism; to the weekly or bi-weekly vision of ways of living as unsubstantial as the rays of light by which they are thrown on to the "silver" screen? Surely it is impossible. How then explain the rapid growth of socialism, the common enemy of all three? Is there a connection? Perhaps it may be explained in this manner. There is this in common to the three prophets. They teach the insecurity of human life and they offer a panacea against the natural reaction to a sense of insecurity. The newspaper makes sudden death, crisis, rapid change, sin, war, appear to be the normal events of a normal world. The cinema heightens the effect by romanticizing the same interests. The wireless completes it by providing a philosophy of scepticism and uncertainty, offering, as it does, a hundred different and contrary messages, each apparently justified by excellent argument and the backing of an imposing name. (Let us not forget that for thousands of years man has been brought up in exactly the opposite fashion, in one religion, one philosophy, one tradition, with one set of teachers, one kind of neighbours.)

Now the message of insecurity is the message of Christianity. All is perishing, all is vanity. But the natural reaction of human nature is to make an effort, to fight, to assert the spiritual side of man which is felt to be

permanent and unchanging, against the tyranny of change and death. The newspaper, the cinema, and the wireless offer a much easier way out. They offer an unreal world of dream and emotional refreshment ever at hand, ready to be turned on by a flick of the wrist, dropping a sixpence in the box, running a lazy eye over the features of the newspapers.

Is it fantastic to suggest that the gospel of socialism provides a complete parallel? It can only grow where there is a vivid sense of insecurity. Unfortunately the modern world, without any help from the prophets, is sufficiently insecure to make socialism a popular creed. But the prophets are hard at work deepening and confirming this insecurity. Socialism offers a remedy, the easiest of remedies. There is no need to take the trouble to react to insecurity by asserting our character, our spirituality, ourselves; on the contrary, the solution lies in the line of least resistance, in the break-up of all that still holds our social structure together, since thereby we shall pass into the golden age of society. (The Marxian struggle stage has never been popular with the rank and file of Socialists.) In this golden age self-reliance will be replaced by safe and impersonal paternalism, work by automatic delivery of the fruits of the earth, competition by co-operation and fraternity, risk by security. And all without any great individual effort.

No doubt there are other and better grounds for being a socialist, just as there are other and better sides to the teaching of our prophets, but that the latter are unwittingly creating that unreal and lazy state of mind which sees the millennium in socialism is hardly disputable. It is an anxious thought, for there is no way of killing the prophets of the new age.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW

THE CHARGE OF RITUAL MURDER AND THE JEWS

SIR,—The two signatories to this letter, one a Catholic and one a Jew, having read with pain Professor Walsh's reply to Dr. C. Roth in the October number of the *DUBLIN REVIEW*, and knowing that many other of your readers have been similarly moved, wish to express their distress at the offensive tone it has adopted towards the Jewish people. Apart from its definite accusation of ritual murder of which many Papal Bulls have declared the Jews innocent, and of systematic perjury which can be no more than a wild and libellous generalization, the reply is written in a way to inflame unworthy passion and to hinder not merely historic truth, but that brotherhood which it was one purpose of Divine Revelation to found and to foster. We utterly repudiate this unhappy method of controversy.

We are, sir, your obedient servants,

*Blackfriars,
Oxford.*

BEDE JARRETT, O.P.
HERBERT LOEWE

Dec. 1, 1932

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW

SIR,—I much regret the harshness both in matter and manner of Prof. Walsh's rejoinder to Dr. Roth in the October number of the *DUBLIN REVIEW*, which has given pain to some distinguished Jewish scholars of my acquaintance, themselves well disposed towards Catholics. In particular it is cause for regret that Prof. Walsh should have resuscitated the accusation of ritual murder, which among English Catholics has been laid to rest by such articles as that on *William of Norwich* in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, by Dom Raymund Webster, O.S.B., M.A. (Oxon), and those written by Father Thurston in the *Month*, entitled *Anti-Semitism and the Charge of Ritual Murder* (June, 1898: vol. 91, pp. 561ff.) and *The Ritual Murder Trial at Kieff* (November, 1913: vol. 122, pp. 502ff.). In the former he quotes a repudiation of the charge by Cardinal Manning, in the latter one by Cardinal Bourne. In his book, *Isabella of Spain*, Prof. Walsh himself has well brought out how large a part was played by torture in the production of evidence in the case upon which he there lays emphasis. From the merits of that book as a whole I have no wish to detract.

Yours sincerely,

*Heythrop College,
December 1932.*

C. LATTEY, S.J.

I am in complete agreement with the spirit informing both these letters. There certainly was "harshness both in matter and manner" in Prof. Walsh's reply to Dr. Roth in the last number of the DUBLIN. And if a layman may offer an opinion, there was also a very faulty historical method. It had been originally a shock to me to find on reading Mr. Walsh's *Isabella of Spain* that so competent an historian could quite seriously believe these terrible stories, so suspect in their sources, so tainted in the manner of their production and presentation. This indeed was why I abstained from reviewing the book. I did not wish to raise the question in our pages of these "old, unhappy, far-off things". On the other hand, when Dr. Roth sent in his article dealing with the book, I was glad to print it. Here was a Jewish scholar claiming to state his case against a Christian writer's criticism of Judaism.

I invited Dr. Roth to write me a letter in reply to Prof. Walsh for publication, but I was hardly surprised that he refused my offer, though I regretted his refusal. It is indeed only too evident that Mr. Walsh's view is not susceptible of modification by argument.

Our readers will find in the references given by Fr. Lattey abundant matter from which to form their opinion of the historical value of the Ritual Murder Charge. Fr. Thurston concludes his article in the *Month* for June 1898 with the words: "As for the hideous charge of conniving at the murder of innocent children, we cannot express our own deep conviction more clearly than by recalling the pregnant words of Cardinal Manning, written in answer to the appeal of the late Chief Rabbi Adler: 'You only do me justice in believing that I have neither sympathy nor credulity for such horrors.'"

I would make these words my own, and, with the Prior of Blackfriars and Professor Loewe, "utterly repudiate this unhappy method of controversy".

THE EDITOR.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

THE MAKING OF EUROPE. Christopher Dawson. (Sheed and Ward.)

"THE influence of Christianity on the formation of European unity is a striking example of the way in which the course of historical development is modified and determined by the intervention of new spiritual influences. History is not to be explained as a closed order in which each stage is the inevitable and logical result of what had gone before. There is in it a mysterious and inexplicable element, due not only to the influence of chance or the initiative of individual genius, but also to the creative power of spiritual forces" (p. 25). Not many years ago such a thesis as this would have been a challenge to the accepted scientific or scholarly ideal. "A mysterious and inexplicable element" would have meant nothing more than a careless failure to explain the intrinsically explicable. To-day men are more ready to admit the presence at all levels of knowledge of much which cannot, of its nature, enter into the categories which are "clear and distinct" to the human intellect. With some the reaction has gone too far, and the mysterious is loved for its own sake with a kind of romantic affection. In history both these extremes tend to touch, for the seeker after "clarity and distinctness" will reduce everything to unity, to the operation of some one force which is in itself something of a mystery. It may be "survival of the fittest", or "the cosmic plan", or "the struggle for bread-and-butter". The Catholic historian is generally tempted to fall into a similar error. God or the Church or the Pope or the Latin race account for everything that is good; their enemies for all that is bad.

Mr. Dawson's magnificent essay on *The Making of Europe* is an example of the persuasiveness and even apologetic value of history which steadily refuses to be drawn away from an objective account of the facts by these false ideals of historical explanation. The author refuses to make history "luminous" either by fitting everything into a simple pattern or by subordinating everything to a theory such as predominant influence of the spiritual

forces springing from orthodox Catholicism. We have taken the trouble to say this because the Catholic reader will be likely to close the book with the feeling that Mr. Dawson has in fact defended this thesis. And this feeling is all the stronger just because this conclusion has not been aimed at, but springs from an impartial, objective, and extremely thorough account of all the elements and forces which have gone to make European civilization. How careful he is not to exaggerate is proved by the final sentences of the book. "But it is well to remember that the unity of our civilization does not rest entirely on the secular culture and the material progress of the last four centuries. There are deeper traditions in Europe than these, and we must go back behind Humanism and behind the superficial triumphs of modern civilization, if we wish to discover the fundamental social and spiritual forces that have gone to the making of Europe" (p. 290). How sober this conclusion is compared with the diatribes of even eminent anti-Catholic historians!

The elements which formed European civilization during "the period usually known as the Dark Ages" were, in the author's view, the Catholic Church, the Roman Empire, the Classical Tradition, and the Barbarian material. The objective account of these four factors is punctuated by sentences which show that it was the spiritual element which time and again provided the strongest protection against the hostile forces threatening to undo what had been accomplished. For example: "In an age when the individual was becoming the passive instrument of an omnipotent and universal state it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of such an ideal [martyrdom] which was the ultimate stronghold of spiritual freedom" (p. 29). Or again: "Under the later Empire the Church came more and more to take the place of the old civic organization as the organ of popular consciousness. . . . In the Church the ordinary man found material and economic assistance and spiritual liberty" (p. 35). This was towards the beginning. Later, the conversion of the Franks to orthodox Catholicism "was the turning point in the history of the age, for it

inaugurated the alliance between the Frankish kingdom and the Church, which was the foundation of mediaeval history" (p. 93). Later still, it was the Church's rigid adherence to the dogma of the two natures in Christ which preserved the moderate realism that was essential to Western material progress. "The religious opposition saw in the Iconoclast movement the same spirit which lay behind the Monophysite heresy—the Oriental refusal to admit the dignity of the material creation and its capacity for becoming the vehicle of the spirit, above all in the Incarnation—the visible manifestation of the Divine Logos in human flesh" (p. 172).

The vital contribution of the Church to ideas which we now regard as the natural philosophy of the Western enlightenment is brought out as it were by accident.

In the East there was one all-embracing organ of culture, the Empire; but in the West every country or almost every region had its own centres of cultural life, in the local churches and monasteries, which were not, as in the East, entirely dedicated to asceticism and contemplation, but were also organs of social activity" (p. 185). The same defence took place later when feudal society threatened to destroy the freedom of Western man: "In the Church every man had his place and could claim the rights of spiritual citizenship, whereas in the feudal state the peasantry had neither rights nor liberty and was regarded mainly as property, as part of the livestock that was necessary for the equipment of an estate" (p. 270). These are only quotations taken at random which illustrate the indisputable fact that it was by embracing or refusing to embrace that orthodox Christianity which seemed to possess a spiritual and social vitality all its own that the different cultures which fought for supremacy decided their ultimate fate. We have singled out for special notice in a Catholic quarterly this theme, but the interest of the book is by no means confined to it. The chapters on the Byzantine Renaissance, on the Rise of Islam, and on the Age of the Vikings are sufficient to dispel the illusions of anybody who imagines that Catholicism and the Latin race by themselves account for all that is vital in Europe. How many people, for

example, "realize that there was an age when the most civilized region of Western Europe was the province of an alien culture, and when the Mediterranean, the cradle of our civilization, was in danger of becoming an Arabic sea? It is, in fact, hardly accurate to identify Christendom with the West and Islam with the East, at a time when Asia Minor was still a Christian land and Spain and Portugal and Sicily were the home of a flourishing Moslem culture. This was, however, the situation in the tenth century, and it had a profound effect on the development of the mediaeval world" (p. 168).

Considering the great amount of matter which Mr. Dawson has compressed into less than three hundred pages, the book makes comparatively easy reading, but the quiet and unemphatic style does not always help the reader to distinguish between what is important and what is less important. We imagine that a hasty reader may close the book with rather a vague idea of what went to the Making of Europe. (Perhaps Mr. Dawson will consider adding a synopsis or a chart to the next edition. Either would be more helpful to the average reader than the excellent maps which are now appended.) But the many who will be tempted to read the work for a second or a third time will realize that it is concentration of matter rather than obscurity of style and presentation which made the first reading unsatisfactory.

To the educated man who prides himself on the completeness of his general knowledge this work will do much to fill certain wide gaps in his education hitherto unsuspected by him. To the Catholic it will mean something more important, for—to put it at its lowest—it will give much food for thought to those who hold that one religion, so long as it is sincerely held, is as good as another; and this religious subjectivity is perhaps the most attractive argument against the dogmatic claims of the Church in the world to-day.

BOLSHEVISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE. Waldemar Gurian.

Translated by E. I. Watkin. (Sheed and Ward.)

ENGLISH readers are much indebted to Mr. E. I. Watkin and Messrs. Sheed and Ward for the translation and

publication of Dr. Gurian's *Der Bolshewismus*. It has taken historians a hundred years and more to obtain a satisfactory understanding of the great French Revolution, and many years must elapse before we can expect to understand completely this much more complicated and, to Western students, much more "foreign" social upheaval. But Dr. Gurian's study must rank among the more thorough, the more sane, and, in one sense of the word, the more sympathetic accounts of contemporary Russian history. It is thorough, for, after showing how Russian intellectual, political, and social history during the nineteenth century made some cataclysm a moral certainty, the author traces the special causes which determined the special nature of the Revolution. The actual story of the Revolution and the theoretical basis of the Bolshevik régime are not dwelt upon, for neither are of the first importance; instead, we are shown in much detail the practical nature of Bolshevik rule, its economic, social, and religious policy, the characteristics of the party and of its leaders, what it is in fact aiming at, what are its relations with other kinds of socialism. After this objective study, the author is in a position to criticize the Bolshevik achievement in terms not only of its historical and social condition, but also of its avowed ends and ideals.

Dr. Gurian is no fanatic; on the contrary he is ready to meet Bolshevism half-way. He would approve of Solovyov's dictum: "In order to conquer the lie in Socialism, it is necessary to grasp the truth in Socialism." It is because of this that we would call this book a sympathetic study of Bolshevism. Whatever may be our own religious and political creed, it is high time that we learned to criticize Bolshevism in this spirit. We may hate the lie in it, but we cannot afford to overlook the truth in it, if only to understand the lie better. We cannot afford to for two reasons. Firstly, because of its growing influence, for example, in Germany, where six million people vote communist. Secondly, because we are not in too good a position ourselves. What we call for want of a better word "capitalism" now stands self-condemned. No reasonable man, certainly no man

with any sympathy for his fellows, can fail to condemn a social system which talks of overproduction at a time when millions lack the necessities of a decent life and which makes it impossible for nearly a tenth of the population to fulfil the Biblical precept to earn one's bread in the sweat of one's brow. Sympathy does not necessarily mean approval, but it does involve an attempt to see from another angle, to see what the other man is after. We should be pessimists indeed could we believe that the passionate enthusiasm and exemplary selflessness with which Russian youth (as Mrs. Chesterton has so well described in her recent travel book in Russia) follow the new social religion is wholly evil. The problem is either to arouse in Western Europe a like spirit and determination to regenerate social relations on Christian lines, or to convince communists of the self-contradiction of their ideal and of the consequent waste of their great effort.

The strength of Bolshevism, as Dr. Gurian points out, lies in the way their leaders have been able to combine a ruthless autocracy with the sense of complete consent on the part of the led. "The dictatorship addresses itself to the will of the people by publishing its decisions, broadcast among the masses, thus seeming to seek their sanction, and seizes every opportunity to give the appearance of a popular government, a government which really represents the people and carries them along with it and does not, like the old Tsarist government, rule them from above like an irrational herd." If this is Bolshevism's secret of success, it would seem to a Westerner that sooner or later the trick will be exposed. Lincoln's saying that you cannot deceive all the people all the time is true for us, and probably for all educated people, including Russians. The vital question, therefore, is: has Bolshevism provided Russian youth with such a faith that their consent to Bolshevik rule is as spontaneous and genuine as is, for example, the consent of a Catholic to his religious authority? Or is it a temporary acquiescence in stable government kept alive by artificial and shallow stimuli, greed, patriotism, glory, as surmised by some to be the case in Fascist Italy? Dr. Gurian would have

no hesitation in saying, in reply to such questions, that the Bolshevik faith cannot survive, and that therefore the consent to Bolshevik rule is not a genuine consent. The reason he gives is that, despite appearances to the contrary, the Russian faith is, in the last analysis, faith in *the bourgeois or capitalist ideal*. Russia is a country organized for the pursuit of the same values as are being pursued in unorganized and competitive fashion in our own very unsatisfactory world. "The Bolshevik man is the man who accepts the development of modern society, yet will so transform it that it shall operate in the interests of all its members." He seems, therefore, to give that development an ethical justification. He may be regarded as the product of the modern bourgeois society for the very reason that he is struggling against its existing arrangement. The Bolshevik accepts labour and economic and social achievement as the dominant forces of life. He is in entire agreement with the bourgeois society of capitalism. "This, in itself, shows up one of the contradictions in Bolshevik philosophy, for the capitalist ideal is essentially individualistic. Pleasure, comfort, power, ends which are purely selfish, are its goal." But the Bolshevik ideal claims to be social. It rejects the individual. Man is only an instrument for impersonal social good. This is comprehensible in a supernatural society, where social good derives its goodness from God or some spiritual Absolute; it is even comprehensible in a society devoted to ideals like patriotism, or art, or the good life. It is meaningless where the outlook is purely materialistic. Hence, as Dr. Gurian shows, the Russian utopia has developed into mere tyranny, tyranny so complete that the whole being of man is forced into a mould and shaped artificially for a purpose. "At present", writes the author, "all this is concealed by the smoke of battle." A reaction must come. A corollary which he draws from the argument is particularly apposite. "In Europe, Bolshevism can only act as a solvent of the last links with tradition and culture, and the expression of a mental attitude which as the result of modern civilization is blind to everything beyond the most elementary forms of social life. It cannot be a faith in something new,

as in Russia, where civilization had not been reached, and neither technology nor the Enlightenment was a dominant force. For that reason, Bolshevism could assume, for large circles in Russia, the aspect of a new religion. Here, in the West, on the contrary, though the essential constituents of its philosophy have been accepted unchanged from the West, Bolshevism must appear but one political and social theory among others, which can prove powerful only if an already capitalist world is shaken to its foundations by some crisis."

Thus the reader is forced, however much he may sympathize with certain aspects of communism, however glad he may be to see that Dr. Gurian himself is sympathetic, to follow a line of reasoning which destroys its whole constructive pretensions. Whatever may be the solution to the social problem, it is not this.

The book, among other merits, provides an example of the force of real criticism, criticism which goes as far as possible with the opponent and then breaks him with the inside information which his sympathy has enabled him to understand.

Some interesting documents, including some of the pronouncements of Lenin and Stalin, selections from the Bolshevik programme against religion and from the Bolshevik marriage laws, are appended.

THE GROUND OF FAITH AND THE CHAOS OF THOUGHT.
Canon Oliver Quick. (Nisbet.)

CANON QUICK's apologetic argument is, very briefly, this. We may believe in God, because a God is the only rational explanation of the universe. We may believe in Him because He reveals Himself in the face of and despite apparent evidence to the contrary. "I believe, because it helps me to understand": *Credo ut intelligam*. "I believe, because it is so odd": *Credo quia absurdum*. The use of both types of argument appears, as the Canon suggests, to be an attempt to have it both ways. After having demonstrated to the unbeliever that the existence of God explains admirably all our puzzles, we answer his telling objections by changing (or rather inverting) our ground and saying: "Exactly, and if you are right,

how is it that man has ever come to believe in the idea of a God at all? Only because He must exist, only because He imposes Himself through all our difficulties." It is like proving the claims of the Church on the grounds of her holiness and then reinforcing our argument by pointing out that only a Divine Church could have survived the Popes of the ninth or fifteenth centuries. The first type of argument for the existence of God Canon Quick calls the rational argument. The second type he calls the empirical argument. The first makes use of "explanation by reason", the second makes use of "explanation by cause". It is the Canon's purpose to show that the two arguments support each other and do not conflict.

The rational argument, of which the chief kinds are the cosmological and the axiological, by itself explains too much. It is an explanation in terms of abstractions or ideas. The principle of sufficient reason leads to a coherent system, not to a fact or a person. If we believe in reason, if we are not consistent sceptics or pragmatists, we must accept the ultimate rationality and value of the universe. But we get no further. This is cosmology; this is philosophy; it is not specifically religion, it is not Christianity. The term Revelation has no longer a meaning, for everything in the universe is a revelation. "Christian devotion cries out that philosophy has taken away its Lord." "The rational point of view . . . tends to break down the distinction between faith sacred and secular, and to find a religious and godward meaning in all things. But for that very reason it is apt to underrate the peculiar meaning and value of that which is specifically religious."

On the other hand, taken by itself, the empirical argument is no more satisfactory. It is popular to-day because it sympathizes with the "specialization of studies and the discovery of the multifarious secondary causes hitherto unknown." It, so to say, puts the Divine into its proper category. Religion is an experience, a phenomenon. We cannot refuse to accept the evidence for it, evidence as cogent as the evidence for blueness, beauty, or the brightness of right acts. Otto's *Idea of the Holy*

had instantaneous success, and to-day Barth's more extreme irrationalizing of Divine action in the universe has given new life to German theology. The result is that we are led "to worship the God of a particular experience", that the religion of all is forced "into a mould only fitted for those of specifically religious temperament and gift". The argument tends to divorce religion from morality and induces the belief "that a prolonged and fervent crying of, 'Lord, Lord,' may at least make some atonement for the absence of prolonged and fervent endeavour to do what the Lord said".

But the two arguments taken together lead not to religious philosophy or to a private religious experience, but to the religion of Christianity, the religion of Christ on the Cross. "The main reason for the Church's tremendous affirmation about Christ's person is found when we see the intimate connexion between the uniqueness of its character and the universality of its significance." Christianity presupposes all that philosophy can discover about the Absolute, but it also claims that the Absolute is a personal God, a God who has become Man. The Incarnation is an historical fact, an event which transcends any mere coherence. The Christian religion with its doctrine of Redemption, its ideal of supernatural virtue, its exaltation of suffering, gives to human life a specifically religious significance within a rationally coherent system, and it, furthermore, is able to include within the coherent system those difficult aspects of the universe, evil and sin. "The God whose supreme and single act in history is the life of Jesus triumphing on the cross is one with the God who framed the world and gave to natural man his inextinguishable desire to behold beauty, to follow goodness, and to know the truth."

The reader will, perhaps, appreciate from this summary the boldness and scope of Canon Quick's apologetic. But if he turns to the book itself he may find some of the author's distinctions hard to understand. While he uses the basic distinction between reason and cause to good effect in pointing out that modern scepticism is due to causes rather than reasons, it is difficult to see how the "empirical" argument is based on "explanation by cause".

Both arguments, the "rational" and the "empirical", are rational arguments about factual (or causal) evidence. We reason about facts and causes and either explain them or leave them unexplained. It is not true that proof of the coherence of everything must precede proof of the existence of God. Certain facts demand the existence of God as their cause and their reason, and the existence of God in turn throws light on apparent disharmonies and want of coherence. But such a correction as this would invalidate the schematization only, not the substance of Canon Quick's argument. The latter should make the agnostic less confident about his scepticism, and it will confirm the philosophical basis of the believer's faith.

M. DE LA BÉDOYÈRE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THE ORDINARY MAN. Being the Presidential Address (1932) to the British Institute of Philosophy by Sir Herbert Samuel. (Kegan Paul, London, 1932. 38 pp. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL in this little book draws a brilliant picture of the philosophy of the ordinary man, in the hope of thereby stimulating philosophers to take more account of him.

There are philosophies and philosophies, ancient, middle-aged, and new. None of them is greatly worth in the eyes of the ordinary man, whereas science has marched triumphant since Bacon taught her how—not the Bacon who experimented in the thirteenth century, but the Bacon who philosophized on experiment in the seventeenth, for in his case, apparently, there was an exception to the rule that philosophies are little worth. To-day, however, it is not science but philosophy that needs a Bacon. For while in the opinion of the ordinary man (in this case Bertrand Russell) there is at least a chance that science may sometimes be telling the truth, in philosophy the hope of certainty is chimerical. Yet we must not despair. Trust not logic, keep the Categorical Imperative and the Absolute Good at a respectful distance, attend to what mathematics, physics, biology, and psychology have to say, and it may be possible even

yet to build up an ethic, if not also a metaphysic, is the comforting advice that Sir Herbert gives us.

Yet in one particular beware of science. She has been tempted, sorely tempted, to discard the Law of Causation, and if that goes all goes, or at least all that matters goes, Sir Herbert justly warns us. For instance, God goes. It is not so long since the authoritative voice of science assured us that the law of Causality had ceased to bind in the private lives of atoms, like marriage laws in the private lives of men. But Heisenberg, fortunately, has discovered in this authoritative voice a certain huskiness. It has begun to falter, and Max Planck, Lord Rutherford, even Einstein, have assured Sir Herbert that the exercise of a little caution here would not be out of place. Contempt for logic has in science perhaps been carried just a tiny whit too far, though in philosophy not yet far enough to satisfy the ordinary man. Toward the Law of Causality Sir Herbert Samuel's attitude is strangely like that of a diehard. He holds that science still believes in it in spite of her repeated protests to the contrary, and he also holds that by way of it the theistic hypothesis can still be established in spite of a learned article in the Institute's Journal, which stated recently just the opposite. That amongst the mighty even one man should be found intransigent is in these troublous days a solace.

Yet to placate the mob of ordinary men even Sir Herbert does not disdain compromise. All that the Causal Law proves is a "something else" besides this world. In replying to the Presidential Address, Mr. John Buchan told how at Oxford Wallace once set as the first question in a Greats paper: "State all you know about God and don't refer to him in any other answer." A candidate relying solely on the Law of Causation will fail to obtain full marks. His examiner will desire also to know *what* God is, and the examinee, to learn this, must look elsewhere. But if he turns to post-Baconian science he will find that it has discovered neither what mind is, nor yet what matter is, and that incidentally it has mixed up space and time so badly that Sir Herbert despairs of our ever being able to distinguish them again. But even the

ordinary man has experience, and, though centuries of experience have failed to reveal to him the nature of his own thinking, that is no reason why it should not reveal to him the nature of divine thinking.

Sir Herbert Samuel's optimism, though it alternates with pessimism, is vastly encouraging. Even the inscrutable riddle which a hundred generations of divines have never been able to solve should yet prove soluble. If what a man does depends on what he wills, what he wills on what he is, and what he is on prior causes, infinite in number, Sir Herbert is justified in his endeavour to eliminate poverty, illiteracy, bad housing, excessive drinking, and the breeding of mental defectives. But if willing depend on being, and being on prior causes, is he still justified in maintaining the penal code, the policeman, the judicature, and the prisons? As Alexander has solved the conflict between Realism and Idealism, so Spinoza has solved that between Determinism and Free Will. Sir Herbert may still enforce the punishment of criminals with a clear conscience because, though in fact their desires are determined by prior causes, they are ignorant of this, but are aware of their own desires. It is awareness of what they are doing, not responsibility for it, that condemns them.

There are other great problems in which the ordinary man is interested, and these, too, philosophy should be able to solve if philosophers would but quit reasoning *a priori* and base their arguments on the findings of empirical science. We do not value peace, learning, sanitation, decent houses, and an adequate food-supply because they are valuable; we ascribe value to them because we desire them, or desire the consequences to which science assures us they will lead. The ordinary man who has discovered this truth is Von Ehrenfels, or is Von Ehrenfels a philosopher perchance?

L. J. W

THOUGHT. September 1932. (America Press, New York.)

THE last number of *Thought* contained, among other articles, one entitled "St. Teresa and her Prior

General", by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, which calls for some remarks, all the more as Mr. Carmichael has justly acquired a high reputation as an authority on the writings of both St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa. The real question before the reader is, Did St. Teresa fail in her vow of obedience in making, in 1562, a foundation of a convent behind the back of the Provincial, and in co-operating, from 1574 to 1578, in the high-handed actions of Fr. Gratian, diametrically opposed to the commands of the General? Mr. Carmichael, whose documentation leaves little to be desired, both in respect of St. Teresa's works and letters, and the numerous documents discovered by the present writer, comes to the conclusion that as she "reached the supreme state of 'Spiritual Marriage' late in life, perfection is only to be looked for from the moment of that consummation" (p.241), and that previous to that time she may have been subject to considerable imperfection.

That will not do, for two reasons. First, although she received the grace of "Spiritual Marriage" in or about 1575, she had reached the preliminary degree of "Spiritual Espousals" in 1572, several years before the difficulties with the General arose; neither state is compatible with gross imperfection. Secondly, a Religious who deliberately does what his Superior has repeatedly, and in writing, forbidden, under the heaviest penalties he is able to inflict, is not merely guilty of an imperfection, but of a most grievous violation of his vow of obedience, in short, of open rebellion. We find ourselves, therefore, facing this alternative: either St. Teresa acted consistently in the most perfect way, or else her action was in the fullest sense sinful, and consequently her spiritual estate was an illusion.

Mr. Carmichael says (p.241), "Even her first foundation San José in Avila, has upon it a certain mark of human frailty." The real difficulty lies here. This foundation had been planned with the consent of the Provincial, Gregory Fernandez, but when it became known that absolute poverty and strict enclosure of the nuns were contemplated, opposition arose, in face whereof the Provincial withdrew his permission. The plan was resumed

later, under a different Provincial, Angelus de Salazar, and carried out behind his back. Leaving aside revelations, locutions, and other mysterious experiences, which St. Teresa tells us she never once mentioned to her counsellors, Mr. Carmichael quotes her words: "I made a great point to do nothing against obedience, but I knew that if I spoke of it to my Superiors all was lost"; and again: "I was in great fear lest the Provincial should be spoken to about it when he came, and would find himself obliged to order me to give it up, and then all would have been at an end." She goes into numerous details as to all the most experienced and learned confessors and ecclesiastical lawyers she consulted to make sure she was not failing in obedience (which was her one great fear), and the many spiritual advisers, inclusive of St. Peter of Alcantara, who assured her the foundation was according to the Holy Will of God. Moreover, a Papal Brief was obtained, placing the projected convent under the Bishop instead of under the Order. Although neither the Provincial nor her own prioress can have been ignorant of the former project, neither of them forbade a future project, and it is at least possible that Salazar (as he did several times later on) might have given his consent, if asked, contrary to Teresa's fears. The question, then, is: Is a Religious bound in conscience to abstain from an otherwise excellent work, on the ground of a prohibition which, though probable, has never been expressed? The most learned theologians, consulted by the Saint on this point, answered in the negative. It was a difficult case of conscience, but the solution appears to us correct.

Thus on one hand we have the decision of confessors, theologians, canonists, spiritual persons, on the other *no* definite prohibition by either the Provincial or the prioress. Where is Mr. Carmichael's "mark of human frailty"?

As to the disobedience to the General's ruling, St. Teresa must be entirely excused. She undertook the foundation of a convent at Veas (1575) with full permission of the (Calced) Provincial, after having made inquiries as to whether that small town was situate in

Castile or in Andalusia ; in the latter case the foundation would have been impossible because the General had forbidden foundations in that province. Mr. Carmichael is surprised that neither the Saint nor her Superiors knew it was situate in Andalusia. But it was not. It is an Andalusian enclave in the Castilian province of Jaén, under the civil administration and jurisdiction of Castile but under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Andalusia, and therefore St. Teresa was quite within her right ; it was Gratian who made the mistake of thinking it belonged to Andalusia, and on the strength thereof claiming the obedience of the Saint to him, who for the time being had a post of superiority in Andalusia, but not in Castile. It was also Gratian who was solely and entirely responsible for the opposition to the General, not St. Teresa. She always calls him (and he signed his own letters and documents) "Father Master", as if he had been Master in Divinity, but he never was more than Master of Arts ; moreover, he appears to have been quite ignorant of Canon Law. A few months after his profession he was, through a combination of circumstances, sub-delegated Visitor Apostolic of the Andalusian Carmelites, and, to speak bluntly, this sudden rise turned his head. He imagined himself above the General, whom he thenceforth simply ignored, pursuing a line of action nobly conceived, but entirely beyond his strength.

St. Teresa gave him her full confidence, but he never gave her his. Comparing her letters with the documents we have in hand, it follows that she was but inadequately informed of his plans and the measures taken to carry them out ; he told her what would please her, but left her in ignorance of what she would disapprove of. It is touching to see her loyalty to him to the end of her life, but disconcerting to notice how poorly he repaid her confidence. The shabby way in which the General was treated was Gratian's doing, and was neither approved of nor condoned by the Saint. St. Teresa complains more than once that she is not being consulted, and has nothing to say ; yet she had to suffer for Gratian's blunders. Terrible retribution was in store for him : as he had treated the General to whom he was under a

vow of obedience, so, twenty years later, he was treated by one of his own Religious under a vow of obedience to him.

BENEDICT ZIMMERMAN, O.C.D.

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND. By Denis Gwynn.
(Harrap.)

LITTLE more than fifteen years have passed since John Redmond's death, in March 1918. Yet so completely have the relations between Great Britain and Ireland been transformed in this interval, so thorough has been the revolution in all political values, that even one like myself, who had some small share in certain of the events here described, can only with difficulty recapture the mood of those pre-war Parliaments. How, one wonders, now more than ever, did a great mass of quite normal people in each country persuade itself that this quiet country gentleman, conservative in temperament, conventional in mind, speech, gesture, and habit, was a wild sans-culotte, sworn enemy of King and Constitution? No cartoons were ever less witty (if, as I suppose, such wit consists in apt portrayal of the essential man) than those—some of them reproduced in this volume—which showed Redmond as a coarse-looking fellow, dressed in rough homespun, and, blackthorn in hand, looking about for heads to crack. No one will ever understand, either, his success as a Parliamentary leader or his ultimate and tragic failure when confronted—in the Ulster volunteer and militant Sinn Fein movements—by forces utterly alien to him, who does not realize that he was, by tradition, temperament, and training a Parliament man, a quintessential constitutionalist, to whom it was simply unbelievable that the will of the People duly embodied in a statute should be annulled by extra-Parliamentary violence, whether on the right hand or the left.

The history of the Redmonds, as briefly set forth in the opening pages of Mr. Denis Gwynne's admirable biography, is an epitome of that of many old Irish Catholic landowning families. Descended from Raymond Fitz-William—"known as *Le Gros*—because of the heavy thick-set build which has persisted through every genera-

tion of his descendants"—they settled in County Wexford, whither they had come from Carew Castle in Pembrokeshire, in 1170, Raymond himself being appointed six years later Commander of the English Forces and Viceroy of Ireland. Ousted from their estates by Cromwell, and, notwithstanding their loyal services to Charles I, still deprived of these by the Act of Settlement, one of them was in 1684 graciously permitted to buy back a small portion of the property, which, with later accretions, was handed on in unbroken succession through the Penal days. Debarred, like all their fellows, during the greater part of the eighteenth century from any share in public affairs at home, and impoverished by those Penal Laws which bore most heavily upon the Catholic gentry, many of the Redmonds served with distinction in the armies of the Continent, and chiefly in those of France and Spain. Those that remained in Ireland turned to commercial pursuits, developing the trade of Wexford, and founding a private bank, which played an important part in the restoration of the old Catholic families of the county and helped to build up the new and increasingly influential class of Catholic merchants. The Emancipation Act brought the family back into the main stream of the national life. In 1859 a grand uncle of John Redmond became M.P. for Wexford, being succeeded some years later by a nephew, William Archer Redmond, of Ballytrent. Thus, when in 1876 John Edward Redmond, aged 20, left Trinity College to help his father (who was in bad health) in his Parliamentary work, he had already a long association with that House of Commons which was destined for forty years and more to be the centre of his life's work. Yet, though very notably a House of Commons man, he never seemed to be really at home in London, where, indeed, though naturally sociable, he studiously avoided all social commerce except with a handful of old friends, and I fancy he was never so happy as when the Parliamentary recess enabled him to withdraw to the solitude of Anghavanagh, Parnell's old shooting lodge in the Wicklow hills.

I have thought it best to dwell on these more intimate things rather than on the details of public controversy,

because only so can one grasp what manner of man he was. Moreover, it would be impossible in such space as I have at my disposal to sketch, however inadequately, the course of his long and agitated career as a politician—let me say, rather, as a statesman; for few men of his time so well merited that more honourable title. To those—and it is to be hoped they will be many—who desire to follow with understanding the course of public events in these islands at a time when the Irish Question was coming more and more to dominate domestic and to influence foreign policy, Mr. Denis Gwynn's book will henceforth be indispensable. There is more than common force in the claim of the publishers that Redmond's papers "provide a unique account of British politics up to August 1914, and an important chapter, hitherto unwritten, of the Great War". Let me only add that his biographer has made excellent use of the material thus provided.

HUGH A. LAW.

AN IDEALIST VIEW OF LIFE. By S. Radhakrishnan.
(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 12s. 6d.)

UNDER the title *An Idealist View of Life*, Mr. Radhakrishnan has published the Hibbert Lectures delivered at Manchester University in 1931. His work is chiefly a discussion of theism. He believes in the existence of God, and that is the more gratifying in that there can be few more lively and forceful summaries of the atheist argument than he gives in the first lecture. The grounds of his belief in God, which are given in succeeding lectures, are not quite so satisfactory. He does not accept St. Paul's saying that we know God from the visible things of this creation; but rather he believes that our knowledge of Him is from direct and immediate contact.

In the third, fourth, and fifth lectures he argues his thesis. He supports it from the testimony of the mystics in all ages, in West and East. He finds it, moreover, implicit in the utterances of the philosophers of the West, and in the fact that all scientific geniuses have recognized that their discoveries depend on insight, vision, or in-

tuition, and not on dry logic. Finally, like the Abbé Bremond, he contends that art is dependent on this direct contact of the artist with reality. Like the Abbé, too, he discusses only one branch of art, namely poetry. There is a great danger in founding a theory of art on such a one-sided consideration. The other arts might tell a very different tale. Is it not notorious that the graphic artist must be more interested in his materials and his picture than in the subject he is portraying?

It may appear ungracious to quarrel with one who is strong in the defence of theism merely because his line of argument is not acceptable. But in order that criticism may be softened, let it be said that a belief in the direct contact of the soul with reality is the result of a confusion for which he is not entirely responsible. It is the outcome of identifying intellect with logic, and with thinking in words. It is a mistake only too prevalent among philosophers both inside and outside the Church.

Mr. Radhakrishnan, following the common and true tradition, distinguishes intellectual knowledge from sense knowledge and imagination. He naturally and rightly conceives of sense and imagination as inferior to intellect; and when he finds that intellectual knowledge, which which he has been identifying with logic and verbal syllogistic reason, cannot render an account of our highest knowledge and intuition, he consequently (if one may suggest a motive) feels justified in presuming that such knowledge cannot belong to the inferior powers, sense and imagination. Hence the conclusion that there must be a further power of intuition.

It sounds plausible enough. But has not the mistake all along been to consider intellect as synonymous with verbal syllogism, to separate it in its functioning from imagination? This watertight compartment view of mind is certainly not the right view. Our thinking is not exclusively an affair of the intellect. Imagination is indispensable to it; not merely as a *sine qua non*, that whence we derive our ideas, but as that in which, to use the word of St. Thomas, we "speculate" the idea. The intellect is not only active when we use verbal

expression ; it is equally active in all our concrete thought, in all that appreciation and grasp of reality which Mr. Radhakrishnan attributes to the direct contact between the essence of the soul and reality. Human insight is a joint product of imagination and intellect, and both are indispensable to the very substance of the insight. Words are at best an inadequate expression of the insight we may at any time achieve.

There are those—too many, alas!—who habitually think and try to philosophize in words, and in effect identify thought with language either internal or external. For such it will be useful to read Mr. Radhakrishnan's work and see how an erroneous view of intellect has led him to posit a third and deeper kind of knowledge, neither sense nor intellect. Vision, insight, intuition, call it what you will, is the stuff of philosophy as it is of science ; and logical proof is only a seizing on certain aspects of the vision for the testing of its accuracy, justifying of ourselves, and convincing of other people. Mr. Radhakrishnan has right on his side when he points out that logical proof cannot take the place of insight ; but he is wrong when he attributes that insight to a new power. Insight, or intuition, as he prefers to call it, is concrete thought, the joint product of imagination and intellect. Such concrete thought is, one may truly say, the root of all genius—even verbal or literary genius. A Shakespeare play is what it is because with him the characters were a matter of vision. They were not, as with so many lesser dramatists, synthetic—a mere bundle of virtues and vices, of habits of speech and tricks of behaviour. They were creatures that stalked in the poet's imagination—not, be it observed, in the pure animal imagination (i.e. the imagination in isolation from intellect), to which the words that they pour forth would be meaningless, but in the concrete mind which is compound of intelligence and imagination functioning in a unity of consciousness.

It must not be understood that Mr. Radhakrishnan denies all value to the traditional proofs of God's existence. On the contrary, after he has devoted the sixth and seventh lectures to an account of the scientific or empirical view

of the universe, he shows in his last lecture that theism is the only rational view. He there criticizes and dismisses various theories as unsatisfactory—the theory of a universe without God, Alexander's theory of a universe which is God in the making, Lloyd Morgan's theory of a universe in which God is wholly immanent and finally Whitehead's theory of a universe in which God is both immanent and transcendent.

His own view, if we read him aright, is that we must believe in a God (though he uses the term Absolute) who is wholly transcendent, infinite knowledge and liberty, a God who has freely chosen to make one universe out of many possible universes. Why he has chosen this particular world we cannot know; for we, who are in the pit, cannot know what takes place behind the scenes. It is difficult to be quite sure of his meaning in this last part of the book, for he seems to distinguish between God and the Absolute. He seems to think that by God we mean nothing more than the deity of Professor Whitehead. It is a blemish, for he must surely know that the whole Christian tradition is of the God whom he has described under the section headed 'The Absolute'.

The consideration of his position as a whole gives rise to a curious question which cannot possibly be treated adequately in a review. The traditional proofs of God's existence, he says, do show that the world is incapable of explanation from within itself, but do not offer a logical demonstration of God's existence; they help us, when once we are convinced of it, to understand its rationality.

The explanation of his attitude would seem to be this. In the proofs of God's existence we argue to the existence of a being not otherwise known to us. We pass from effect back to cause. It is Aristotle's *ἐντε* as distinguished from his *διότι* argument. But there is this further peculiarity attaching to these proofs. We argue not only from effect back to cause, but the cause in this case is a being whom we have not experienced elsewhere. It is thus a peculiar, though by no means unique, reasoning process. Now, at least as a general rule, it is true to say that, when we argue thus to the existence

of anything not otherwise or elsewhere known, the first step in the process is that the object should occur to us as a possibility. It will somehow spring up in the mind as one possible explanation, and afterwards be shown to be the only explanation. In this sense it may be said that such reasoning processes generally start with suggestion or hypothesis; that is to say, vision, insight, intuition, is a stage which generally precedes proof or demonstrations. Is it not by this first stage, the suggestion, the hypothesis, the creative act of thought, that Mr. Radhakrishnan has all along been bothered? He thinks it can only come by direct contact with the object, God. But surely it is one that might readily occur to all minds, since, as he admits, our whole being, intellectual, moral, and aesthetic, is unsatisfied without it.

For the rest let it be said that his book is interestingly written, the style lively, if at times a trifle staccato. Catholics must remember that it is written by one to whom Christianity is only one among the religions of the world; by one who has perhaps learnt his Christianity from Protestant sources. It is a pity he is ignorant of the great mystery of the revelation of grace in the true Christian tradition.

H. R. WILLIAMS, O.S.B.

AN INCORRUPTIBLE IRISHMAN. By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Ivor Nichol & Watson.)

It has been said, with the tiniest touch of artistic exaggeration, that the unbought intellect of Ireland in the first years of the last century was hostile to Pitt's project of Legislative Union. Amongst those members of the Irish House of Commons whom neither threats nor bribery could bend to the will of the Ministry was a young man named Charles Kendal Bushe, the descendant of an old, but at that time impoverished, family. A struggling barrister, having upon his shoulders a heavy burthen of debt incurred by his father and at his side a wife and children dependent upon his professional earnings, he rejected the £30,000 and the Peerage offered by Castlereagh as the price of his voice and vote, and, having given both these against the Union, "learned", as he

afterwards said, "the meaning of Hell". By his own act he had, as he then believed, cast away not merely the certainty of immediate affluence and dignity, but all hope of delivering those dear to him from the anxieties consequent upon straitened means. Small wonder that on that dark January morning he wept, laying his head upon his wife's knee and telling her that he was a beaten man whom she should never have married. Small wonder, on the other hand, that in the lists affixed by Barrington to his *Secret Memoirs of the Union*, there stands against the name of Charles Bushe the one word, "Incorruptible"; small wonder that his descendants—a numerous and distinguished band—are proud of him, or that two of them, his great granddaughters, should have raised this monument to his memory.

Happily the future held for him and his a prosperity which he did not foresee. His brief and brilliant political career was indeed ended with the closing of the Old Parliament House. But in his profession he came rapidly to the front, being appointed Solicitor-General in 1805, and in 1822 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Witty testimony to his conduct as a judge is to be found in that little-known but enchanting work *The Memoirs of Captain Rock*, by his contemporary, Thomas Moore. In ancient days there existed in Ireland, so at least says the poet, a remarkable piece of jewellery (known as Moran's Collar, and worn by the Chief Magistrate as part of his official insignia) which "possessed the power of contracting or relaxing, according to the impartiality of the wearer, pinching the latter most unpleasantly when an unjust sentence was pronounced". This collar, Moore tells us was believed for many years to have been lost, "but to the unexpressible joy of all lovers of Irish curiosity it was again discovered a short while since, and is at present, I understand, worn on all occasions by the Chief Justice of Ireland, with the greatest possible ease and comfort to himself". Some years before he ascended the Bench, Charles Bushe had, moreover, achieved what was perhaps an even dearer ambition, in that he was enabled to buy back the old family estate of Kilmurry. Just how this came about is a charming

story, which shall be told, as far as possible, in the author's own words. Staying in the neighbourhood, he chanced to hear that Kilmurray was to be sold and that many of the trees under which he had played as a boy were to be cut down. When, very sadly, he told Mrs. Bushe what he had heard, she said :

"Charles, how much are they asking for it ?" He told her the price. "How much could you afford ?"

"Afford !" says Charles bitterly. "More than I've got. And about half as much again as I could possibly pay." They had been married twenty-one years, and ever since the fees began to come in he had found his greatest pleasure in flinging the money into her lap, saying, "Buy jewels." Now she left him standing at the window and ran upstairs. When she returned to the library she had her bank-book in her hand.

"Look, Charles," she said, "I didn't buy jewels. Have we enough ?"

Irish memoirs are too often a tragic record of frustrated hopes and thwarted ambitions. It is pleasant for once, at least, to look upon a happier picture. Those wise people to whom all that Miss Somerville and her cousin have written is already familiar will need no assurance that this book, with its lively pictures of Irish society in the early years of the last century, is a thousand times worth their attention. Moreover, the publishers have done their part admirably; the type is extremely agreeable and the line drawings (made from contemporary sketches by "the Chief's" youngest daughter) are full of spirit and humour and really do illustrate (not, as sometimes happens, obscure) the text.

HUGH A. LAW.

SPAIN'S UNCERTAIN CROWN. By Robert Sencourt. (Benn.)

IN his history of the Spanish Monarchy during the nineteenth century, *Spain's Uncertain Crown*, Mr. Robert Sencourt, adding confusion to inaccuracy, had rendered the history of Spain wholly unintelligible; a series of invasions, wars, revolts, and revolutions remain without explanation; and the treatment of the Church at the present time is set down to the Inquisition, as restored in 1814.

The history of Carlism illustrates the author's lack of

method with particular force. The seven years' war is made to last six years ; the treachery of Marotto is not mentioned ; the second Carlist War is despatched in one paragraph ; and the greatest victory of all, the victory of Lacar in 1876, where Amadeo of Savoy was nearly captured, receives no mention ; moreover, the treaty of peace signed at Vergara (1839) did not end the fighting, which continued for another year, and it was not acknowledged by the Eastern Provinces. There is, naturally, no explanation offered for all this fighting, nor is its result so much as hinted at. For it was the Carlist movement which crushed republicanism and made possible the accession of Alfonso XII.

When Mr. Sencourt comes to deal with Napoleon his method is the same. The comparatively simple events which led up to Bayonne become as complicated as the Schleswig-Holstein question, and Napoleon's ambition and megalomania do duty for facts on more than one occasion. The story of the divorce is meaningless as it is told—for ambition is really not sufficient in this case—since there is no mention of the fact that Josephine was intriguing against the Emperor ; that is why he hurried back from Spain, and not to be divorced.

One of the most serious omissions in the book is the entire lack of mention of secret societies. The rôle of the Bavarian Illuminati under Weishaupt was not more important than that of the Masons in Spain. "Masonry", writes Lea, "had been preparing the revolution [1820], and with its success Masonry became the avenue to power and place ; its lodges multiplied and were rapidly filled." There is nothing to show that the author is familiar with the work of Heinrich Brück on secret societies, nor even with the general ecclesiastical histories of Alzog and Funk and Garus. Yet even the most superficial history of Spain must not ignore entirely the history of the Church and of Masonry.

At one point Mr. Sencourt seems to confuse the two. But from an historian who quotes from a history of the Inquisition translated in 1826, and has not apparently read Lea, too much may not be expected.

A. DRU.

SELECTED ESSAYS, 1917-1932. By T. S. Eliot. (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.)

MR. ELIOT gains doubly by the publication of these essays. He will strengthen the confidence of those who admire his verse ; he will win a sober respect from the dissidents. His sympathies are wide and traditional ; his prose is seldom obscured by the fashionable vapours of psychology ; and he is at his best when he praises Dante and the Elizabethans. Of the thirty-odd essays in the book the most admirable, I think, is "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation", a model of mature scholarship finely disposed, sensitively applied, and illumined by apt quotation. And there is an excellent group of ten shorter studies on major and minor dramatists. From the study on Marlowe I quote the opening sentence :

"Swinburne observes of Marlowe that 'the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse was therefore also the teacher and the guide of Shakespeare'. In this sentence there are two misleading assumptions and two misleading conclusions. Kyd has as good a title to the first honour as Marlowe ; Surrey has a better title to the second ; and Shakespeare was not taught or guided by one of his predecessors or contemporaries alone."

That crisp, simple logic shows the historical critic using his true weapon, and if Mr. Eliot wrote always thus, there would be no more to say. But he sometimes forsakes his own good method. In "Arnold and Pater" he seems to view Pater with a kind of ethical indignation which forbids aesthetic appraisal. I think such a view regrettable, but hardly refutable by argument. Elsewhere, in more purely literary criticism, Mr. Eliot seeks a conclusion by way of the same false simplification which he rightly condemns in Swinburne. I turn to some instances of this, premising that such instances are exceptions in a book which contains some of the sanest and most practical criticism of the century.

In "Euripides and Professor Murray" Mr. Eliot sets out to blast the fair fame of Mr. Murray's translations. So far so good ; but the attack is confused. Mr. Murray "almost habitually uses two words where the Greek

language requires one, and where the English language will provide him with one . . . stretches the Greek brevity to fit the loose frame of William Morris, and blurs the Greek lyric to the fluid haze of Swinburne". Examples of Mr. Murray's paraphrase are given, and a plea is made for better and more literal English. "Distinguo": in the simple intense style of some great writers every word is so organic that to add a word in translation may be to destroy the whole; so with Dante and Sappho. But Sappho is not the norm of Greek poetry; the lyrics of tragic choruses come nearer to the magniloquence of Pindar, and the iambic verse of dialogue ranges from the familiar to the hieratic. The long line is often padded out with conventional periphrases—metrical aids which it would be misleading to keep in English. On the other hand, Aeschylus at least uses polysyllabic rhythms with such effect that paraphrase in some corresponding rhythm becomes necessary; a sonorous twelve-syllable line rendered by five literal monosyllables does not only lose dignity, it loses meaning. Dangerous doctrine, I know, but Mr. Eliot admires the translation of Dryden, who is less literal than Mr. Murray; and Browning's monstrous "Agamemnon" is surprisingly literal. These things considered, I think Mr. Eliot should have been more circumspect; should have given Mr. Murray more loopholes and stopped them one by one. It is the scholastic method, and cannot be bettered.

Again, in "Swinburne as Poet" Mr. Eliot deals out his praise and blame pretty equally; but he gives quotations only from Swinburne's worse lyrics and compares them only with the better lyrics of other poets. It would have been fairer to quote as well the last stanza of "The Garden of Proserpine" and some of the good blank verse from "Atalanta", say the passage beginning:

This I have also at heart; that not for me . . .

And I think one particular criticism unjust. Of the lines,

Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran,

Mr. Eliot complains that time and grief have exchanged their attributes. The lines seem to me worthless, but their sense does bear examination. In reverse order, it is much the sense of :

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure.

Lastly, in "John Dryden" Mr. Eliot prejudices a good case by false tactics and hasty generalization. The nineteenth century is condemned for finding "no place for Dryden". Mr. Eliot is thinking of Arnold and Pater; but in more conventional minds Dryden kept the high place assigned him by Pope. Moreover, in 1881 Mr. Saintsbury weighed the evidence again and wrote an appreciation which anticipates Mr. Eliot's praise almost point by point. Mr. Eliot remarks that Dryden's satires would lose their effect in prose. True, they are essentially *verse* because they exploit the rhetorical and mnemonic uses of a regular beat and rhyme; but are they essentially poetry? Dryden, we are told, has the advantage over Milton of not requiring "a canvas of the largest size"; what of the "Sonnets" and the "Solemn Musick"? Mr. Eliot admits that Dryden's "tagged" dramatic version of *Paradise Lost* is on the whole feeble. But he quotes six lines, and is so much impressed by the last as to say, "Dryden has already assimilated what he could from Milton; and he has already shown himself capable of producing as splendid verse." Here is the Dryden :

Is this the seat our conqueror has given ?
And this the climate we must change for Heaven ?
These regions and this realm my wars have got ;
This mournful empire is the loser's lot :
In liquid burnings, or on dry to dwell,
Is all the sad variety of Hell.

Here is Milton's original :

Is this the Region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light ? Be it so, since hee
Who now is Sovran . . .

Dryden was better employed in re-writing Shakespeare, and I wish Mr. Eliot had quoted more from "All for Love" instead of telling us that the one passage quoted sounds "like a gong" to Mr. van Doren. In the last resort Mr. Eliot returns to a question which had been asked by Arnold in different terms. Dryden's words lack a certain "suggestiveness"; without it, can verse be poetry? Mr. Eliot gives no answer, but quotes in conclusion the elegy on Oldham—admirable work, truly, but not perfect unless one forgets the Virgilian source and closes one's eyes to the Marcellus line.

Dryden has one title to honour, of which Mr. Eliot does not speak. In a forgotten article of the *Dublin Review* of 1884 Orby Shipley recalled and justified the Catholic tradition which makes Dryden the translator, not only of *Veni Creator*, but of the other hymns in the *Primer* of 1706. These lines from Venantius are but a paraphrase; but they seem to me noble English:

O tow'ring tree, whose branching head
Like Heav'n is both sublime and spread:
No citron groves, nor myrtle bow'rs,
Can boast such blossoms, fruits or flow'rs:
Since Christ's redeeming arms display'd
Create the sweetness of thy shade.

W. H. SHEWRING.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. By Fr. Bruno, O.D.C. Edited by Fr. Benedict Zimmermann, O.D.C. With an Introduction by Jacques Maritain. (Sheed and Ward. 1932. 18s.)

THIS translation of the Life of St. John of the Cross, by Père Bruno de Jésus-Marie, seeing that it is easily the most full and readable modern life of the Saint, will be welcome to English-speaking readers who are none too familiar with French. Translations are often made for readers rather than students, but in this translation the whole of the apparatus of Notes has been retained so that the reader is able to enjoy all the advantages and privileges of the student. The translator's name is shrouded in an impenetrable anonymity. This I regret, for his

name would henceforth be a guarantee for sound work. He has markedly the gift of the translator; this example of his runs so smoothly and reads so agreeably that the thought of translation is never in the reader's mind. He is accurate without visible effort, conscience presides at the framing of every line, and to crown all the translation is written throughout in the English language.

No man is better qualified than M. Jacques Maritain to present St. John of the Cross. His introduction contains a very earnest protest against a tendency to-day to minimize the essential state of the Saints and present them rather as the very charming human beings that most of them would have been had they not been raised in this world to a totally different status, divine transformation. "Let them be shown to us", pleads M. Maritain, "as human without diminishing their stature, and with that filial care for exactitude which gives so much worth to Father Bruno's book: but, out of pity for our souls, do not humanize them as a whole literary school of the present day would have us do. We are dying of complacency and insipidity, of vulgarized and minimized truths, of a religion reduced to one's own standards. 'Death and destruction rather than sin,' John of the Cross cries out to us. What we crave from him is his doctrine in all its severity, the example of his complete renouncement . . . his entrance within a superhuman world, absolutely out of proportion with our standards." Such a protest is not altogether out of place at the threshold of this volume—all the more because it is so charmingly written—for the author of it is not quite free from a tendency to soften the outlines of the Saint as seen in the vivid portraiture of his first biographer. In another matter M. Maritain confesses that he is not in agreement with his friend, Père Bruno, and that is the use of "external background" and "the ornament of the picturesque". This protest, too, I confess, seems to me just. Père Bruno has faithfully and lovingly pilgrimed through Spain, following the footsteps of an ecstatic Contemplative driven on to highways and byways by the law of obedience, when the life he had expected to lead was the old Carmelite life of the cell. To what end describe

the roads, the river-banks, the mountains and hills, traversed by a Saint who upon one occasion said to an over-curious friar: "My father, we friars do not go about the world to see, but not to see!" (*Reforma*, vii, c. 3, § 2). Surely the disciple would have more vividly and truly brought out his master's figure by suppressing altogether "the ornament of the picturesque".

But if M. Maritain's introduction to this book is serviceable and sound, the postscript with which Father Benedict Zimmermann closes it is in a manner the most important feature of the volume. For he here deals, from a new angle, with the "trouble" or the "quarrel", as it has also been called, between the main body of the Carmelite Order and the young shoot of the Contemplative friars, shedding a flood of light on a dark and most unhappy tangle, and incidentally rendering complete and impartial justice to both sides. I have space here only to express the devout hope that Fr. Benedict may be persuaded to expand these twenty pages into the requisite treatise, and publish it with all the *pièces justificatives* from which he quotes and many more that we know not of. Peace will then come upon waters which are still not altogether untroubled; the faults of both sides will be admitted, the merits of both acknowledged, and a story which sometimes seems a mere chaotic wrangle will become clear and really instructive.

Père Bruno's book, in my opinion, needs some changes from this point of view. It is still too much influenced by family prepossessions. When in 1570 two distinguished Dominicans were appointed to visit and reform the Carmelite Order in Spain, Fernandez for Castile and Vargas for Andalusia, only the friars of the old Order were contemplated in the apostolic patents. There were then but two houses of the recently sanctioned Contemplative friars in existence, Pastrana and Mancera, both in Castile. But Fernandez allowed himself to pay a fatherly visit to Pastrana, and while telling the Contemplatives that they were perfectly free from his jurisdiction, yet invited them to accept his obedience, saying that he had special authority from the Nunzio to receive them, and that their submission would please

the King. If these friars thought the proposal advantageous to the Reform, surely religious loyalty required them to obtain leave from their ecclesiastical superiors before consenting? Instead both nuns and friars welcomed the suggestion and submitted to Fernandez. If the letter of obedience is not here infringed, surely there is unfilial disloyalty to their father and benefactor, the Prior General of the Order, who had given them the precious privilege of leading this separate and peculiar life? The temporary transfer of allegiance took place at Pastrana. St. John was at the time Sub-prior at Mancera, or we may be sure that he would have protested against this dangerous unauthorized severance from the head of the Order, just as he vigorously protested at the Chapter of Almodóvar in 1583 against the entirely un-Carmelite activity of embarking on foreign missions. I do not find that Père Bruno records this severance in his book. That is rather a surprise, for the reader, as distinct from the student, will be left under the impression that the Contemplatives were, from the first, juridically and not voluntarily under the Visitor.

There were no Contemplative friars in Andalusia in 1570 when Vargas was appointed Apostolic Commissary, and it is therefore even more obvious that his patent of appointment cannot have provided for their submission. Yet he succeeded in finding friars sufficiently disloyal—and here I may even say disobedient—to help him in founding priories of the Reform in a district which had been excluded by name in the Prior General's patent. If it be permissible to argue that an Apostolic Commissary can found houses in opposition to the expressed prohibitions of the head of an Order—and I doubt it—he certainly could not do so unless his patent gave him authority over the Religious who were to inhabit them, and that is wholly wanting in this case. Père Bruno omits to tell us of this double defect, and the omission is surely important. The double irregularity doubly justifies the Prior General in his drastic decree of the suppression of these houses, and doubly condemns Gracian for refusing to execute the decree.

From their humble but sublime origin of a few strictly

contemplative houses the Reformed friars, by several successive steps, have become a separate religious Order with many noble activities added to their contemplative side. These activities, such as preaching Lents and Advents, hearing confessions, parish work, missions and foreign missions, are quite contrary to the original charter of the Reform and the primitive Rule of the Carmelite life itself. Père Bruno says that the revival of the Carmelite ideal in 1567 "did not definitely exclude the Apostolate" (p. 85). The patent allows of hearing the confessions only of those who should come in search of a confessor, and of preaching only if a request for a sermon was made (*item ut juvent proximos, si qui se offerant.*) With such restrictions there can be no question of a free and full Christian Apostolate. Seemingly as a proof that activities were expected or required of the Contemplative friars, Père Bruno says that the Prior General's patent "called for sons 'capable of enlightening and guiding those who are still travellers through this world'". But the Prior General does not here speak of the new Contemplatives only, but of the whole Carmelite Order: he is expressing a pious wish in the exordium, and says: "We could wish that all the sons of this religious Order should be like mirrors and glowing lamps, like flaming torches and brightly shining stars, *enlightening and guiding those who are on their pilgrimage through this world.*" There is no question here of securing men with capabilities suitable to the Reform. Père Bruno also expresses the opinion that St. John was in no way disconcerted or surprised when, in the very first days of his new religious life at Duruelo, he was sent out into the neighbouring villages to preach, to teach, to catechize and hear confessions by his superior, old Antonio de Heredia, who all his life long had been accustomed to the active life of the Carmelite Order observing the mitigated Rule (p. 85). He would certainly feel no annoyance or disappointment, for he was a Saint: but, remembering that golden page of glowing mysticism, the patent, its express undertaking that the new houses should be contemplative not in name only but in reality; remembering too the deep seclusion of the Carthusian life the prospect of which

he had renounced to embrace the Carmelite primitive life:—he would be incapable of regret, I know, but it is scarcely possible that he should have felt no surprise. Throughout the remainder of his life, amid most untoward circumstances, he battled with success to save within himself the ideal he had embraced, never shrinking from the many activities that were put upon him, and doing all practical things supremely well. From our point of view his life would seem something of a tragedy: not from his own. Nor, had he lived in the Desert of the Chartreuse with St. Bruno himself, would he have been more completely supernaturalized, more entirely transformed in God, than he was in the mixed life which was his lot in the new Carmel. He had the power to build cell within cell in the secret places of his soul. God was with him, strong to save, and he remained unspotted from the world and unharmed by the jarring elements within his Order. Such was St. John of the Cross, but to understand him as fully as may be, a written life of him should bring out clearly what he expected and what he was promised, and, as clearly, what on joining he failed to find.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

TUDOR SUNSET. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Sheed & Ward.)

THIS is the first historical novel that I have ever read that was sent out into the world armed with a detailed bibliography, and it can fairly be claimed for it that it is the introducer of a new method of historical treatment. Whatever the general merits of that method, it cannot be denied that it is one peculiarly well suited for throwing light on the character of Queen Elizabeth. Naturally enough whoever is going to write about Queen Elizabeth is under obligation to make himself acquainted with all the documentary evidence that there is about her. But if one thing is certain, where all else is uncertain, it is that documents alone can never give us the full secret of her strange character. For all the really interesting problems that she raises are problems which no document can solve. There is no secret manuscript which can tell

us exactly how far she was sincere, how far consciously hypocritical in her religious policy, how far she was really the mistress of England, or how far she only did what she was allowed to do. Doubtless she did not quite know the answers to such questions herself, and, even if she did know them, she was certainly never so foolish as to tell them to anybody else. That being so, we might say not only that the time has come for a great historical novel about Elizabeth, but even that the time has come when it is hardly worth while writing anything but an historical novel about England. At the same time it is most important that the reader should be assured that the novelist's interpretation has been based on an adequate knowledge of the facts. The late Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's name would by itself, it is true, be sufficient guarantee of that, and nothing could be more fortunate than that the new historical novel should be introduced from such a pen writing upon such a subject.

Whatever one's belief, nothing is more obvious than that the most important question with which anybody can be faced is the question of what is going to happen to him after death. It is a truism that lack of interest in that question is the grossest of all stupidities. That being so, the hardest problem both for historians and novelists is that of explaining the characters of people, who, though obviously of high intelligence, were yet little interested in ultimate problems. No character of history presents us with this problem more clearly than does Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ward's treatment of it, her following of Elizabeth's career up to the quite Aeschylean calamity of her death, is quite masterly. Her method is to set side by side with her pictures of the Queen and the Court life pictures of the life of those of the same date to whom the messages of religion had a meaning and to allow us to draw the contrasts for ourselves. The criticism might perhaps be made that the discovery that Margaret was going to be released in any event a little destroys the excitement that has been aroused in us by the adventure of escape. Yet I do not think that such a criticism, which might be an important criticism of another novel, is an important criticism of Mrs. Ward's work. The intrigue for escape

is of the same kind as all intrigues for escape in any novel of adventure. The importance of Margaret's imprisonment was in the opportunity which it gave to her to see the lives of her co-religionists at point of death, to assist the martyr priests at their last Masses. These chapters could hardly be done better, and it is for the pictures that they give to us, more than anything else, that this novel will deserve and will receive a long life.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC REVIVAL FROM 1845. By Dr. W. J. Sparrow Simpson. (Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1932.)

BORN in an atmosphere of University culture and moral austerity, modern Anglo-Catholicism quickly made its presence felt in the Church of England; it carried its message into the spiritual destitution of the slums produced by the Industrial Revolution, and has in the space of a century transformed the outward features of the Established Church, not to speak of its remoter influence on Nonconformity.

Readers of Dr. Sparrow Simpson's interesting book will mark the extent of the Church of England's servitude to the State in the Movement's early days, a servitude which is some measure of its interior decay. The Royal Supremacy had become the supremacy of a Parliament, religiously nondescript, and of the Privy Council. Convocation, as much a part of the original constitution of the Reformed Church as Parliament was of the State, indeed the actual legislature of that Church, had been silent since 1717; and not only did the Archbishop of Canterbury (c. 1851) oppose the idea of its revival, but at about the same time, armed with his fiat and a Privy Council decision, the Dean of Arches, instituted to a living in the diocese of Exeter a clergyman pronounced heretical by the ecclesiastical court. Meanwhile the Anglo-Catholics were frequently thought to be undoing the Reformation, trying to restore "corruptions, follies, idolatries, perversions of the truth, priestly tyranny" (words of an Anglican bishop in 1873, quoted by Dr. Simpson p. 65). Against the deplorable state of

religious servitude, and the very general rejection of sacramental orthodoxy and blindness to the idea of the Church as an autonomous supernatural society, what were the contentions of the early nineteenth-century Anglo-Catholics? They maintained especially the sacredness of dogma, the divine character of the Church of Christ and her priesthood, the true efficacy of the sacraments, and the reality of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. With such convictions the movement proceeded to express itself in "Ritualism", in the foundation of religious communities, and in general in a reversion towards the outward forms of historic Christianity so far as they are compatible with a position outside the unity of the Catholic Church.

A heroic self-sacrifice inspired the early stages of the Movement, which still to-day, with its adventurous crusading note and the joyous humour it has learned amid fears without and paradox within, has an immense attraction for the spirit of youth—a spirit which lives on in so many a devoted Anglo-Catholic to bely grey hairs. English Catholics ought surely to be ungrudging in their admiration and respect for the splendid qualities that lie behind the revival of which this book is a welcome record.

Dr. Simpson will forgive a few criticisms and comments, partly on his book, partly on the Movement and its principles. His pages on the condemnation of Anglican Orders (pp. 267-270) allow the impression that it was mainly pressure of an untheological kind from English Catholics that led to this condemnation. The truth is that investigation showed that the "adverse tradition" about Anglican Orders that had, according to Dr. Simpson, "grown up" in the Catholic Church dated in fact from the first period in which Rome was brought face to face with the question—a Bull in Mary Tudor's reign having given instruction to treat these Orders as invalid.

The existence of various groups within the Movement to-day is admitted (p. 295). Would Dr. Simpson agree that some of the existing divergences are due to the fact that one element in the Movement, consciously or unconsciously, makes its norm a supposedly un-Papal

"Undivided Church" of antiquity, complemented by such subsequent developments as are common to the "three branches"; while another element, again consciously or otherwise, takes for its standard the full present-day Catholicism of the Papal obedience? (Of this side of modern Anglo-Catholicism Dr. Simpson hardly gives an adequate picture.) For both groups, of course, there is an unsolved problem in the fact that their respective norms alike insist on the Visible Unity of the Church and rely on a living supreme ecclesiastical authority.

Dr. Simpson does not discuss the momentous step taken by influential new leaders of Anglo-Catholic thought in espousing the idea of a non-infallible Church.* Yet if this step is taken by the Movement in general, it will undoubtedly mean a deplorable relaxation of the Anglo-Catholic grasp on the sacred character of dogma. Thus would Newman's *Essay on Development* receive a belated answer, Anglo-Catholics ceasing to regard Christianity as a "definite teaching from above" and falling back on their own judgment "to determine", with whatever guidance from the history of Christianity, "what the revelation of God is". (In this connexion, and in view of his suggestion that if Newman's lot had been cast in the "English Church" as it is to-day he would not have "withdrawn", is Dr. Simpson entirely unaware of the real thought, process which actually, under whatever empirical stimulations, brought Newman to the Church?) Let us hope that, in its attempt to capture the body of Anglicanism, the Movement will not lose its soul by a surrender to Modernism in the shape of dogmatic indeterminism.

On the other hand, since Dr. Simpson discusses the Malines conversations, it may be worth while to point out that, in the abstract at least, there should be no insuperable difficulty about the concession of uniate status, patriarchal privileges, and vernacular liturgy, if such concessions were asked for.

CHRISTOPHER BUTLER, O.S.B.

*This step appears to have been taken by Fr. W. Knox, Mr. W. Spens, Archdeacon Rawlinson, Prof. A. E. Taylor, and Prof. N. P. Williams.

